THE

# *MONTHLY VISITOR.*

DECEMBER, 1802.

## MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

## *MRS. MONTAGUE.*

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

FROM the lady of the First Consul of France we return to the fair and accomplished females of our own island—their talents and charms are sufficient to fix our attention. By thus contrasting characters both at home and abroad, we illustrate human nature, and reflect a higher degree of glory on our own country. Indeed the fair sex, however depreciated by the clamours of ignorance, or ill treated by the meanness of interested souls, are deserving of our respect and gratitude. *Their* province it is to sweeten the toils of life, to assist in the discharge of arduous duties, and to prepare with gentle hand the minds of the rising generation for the complicated trials of humanity.

MRS. MONTAGUE was born about the year 1730, though we cannot mention the spot where she first saw the light: this, however, is a matter of little consequence. Her education, which must be deemed a subject of infinite importance, was conducted by her relation, the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, who wrote the Life of Cicero, and was the author of many admired publications. It is said that the pupil made so early a display of her tendency towards literature, that she actually transcribed the whole of the Spectators at eight years of age! This report exceeds credibility. It is more likely that she wrote off some of the most excellent papers in that work: even this is a great thing, at so tender an age, and the supposition comes within the bounds of probability. In more advanced years, she distinguished herself by her attachment to literature; and is more generally known to the world by her vindication of Shakespeare against the cavils of Voltaire. This is a work of merit. The French critic, with his usual ridicule, presumes to find fault with our immortal bard, censuring him for defects which he does not possess, and exaggerating the improprieties which are to be found in his writings. The truth is, that the productions of no mortal man can boast perfection, that considerable allowance must be made for the complexion of the times when the poet lived, and lastly, that Voltaire being not thoroughly acquainted with the English language, was by no means competent to the task he had undertaken, in thus sitting in judgment on the ornament and glory of our country. Mrs.

Montague's Vindication of Shakespeare makes a tolerably sized volume, and being modestly entitled "An Essay," ought to be perused with candour and attention. Many able judges of literary merit have pronounced an eulogium on it. We recollect reading it several years ago with pleasure: there is a neatness in the style, a clearness in the arrangement, and a benevolence in the tendency or design of her observation. But we will not conceal from our readers that the colossal Johnson *growled* at it, and vented his spleen in ill-natured expressions concerning it. We cannot, however, deem him an unerring oracle: he reprobated GRAY, whose writings have attracted from the public no small degree of admiration.

With the amiable and well-known Lord Lyttleton Mrs. Montague was on terms of the greatest intimacy; it is even said that had he been unmarried at the time, she might have commanded his title and fortune. Be this as it may, it is pretty certain that she assisted his lordship in composing the *Dialogues of the Dead*, and that even some of the best parts of them were the efforts of her composition: this shews the superiority of her talents. This ingenious nobleman would not have availed himself of her aid were he not persuaded that she possessed an uncommon portion of ability. The intimacy was honorable to both parties. Whilst they forwarded each other in literary improvement, they mutually enlightened and benefitted the world—we therefore justly revere their memory. We have been also informed that

Mrs. M. was at one time attached to Pulteney, the famous Earl of Bath. She afterwards accompanied this nobleman and his lady on a tour through Germany.

It has been said of Mrs. Montague's *Vindication of Shakespeare* that it was not an elaborate survey of obscure passages to be found in the poet, but a comprehensive survey of the sublimity of his genius, of his profound knowledge of human natnre, and of the wonderful resources of his imagination. In a similar manner it may be remarked, that her *Epistolary Correspondence* possessed much playfulness of fancy, that she, in this department exceeded even Lady Wortley Montague, of facetious memory. This latter lady's letters, however doubtful their origin, were marked for appropriateness of spirit and gracefulnes of expression. By some, however, the subject of our memoirs had assigned her the palm of superiority.

Her epistolary excellence displayed itself in her correspondence with Dr. Monsey, physician to Chelsea college, to whom she wrote during her excursion through Germany. He lived to a very advanced age. The following is an extract of a letter of pleasantry from this lady to Dr. Monsey,* dated January, 1785 :—

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,

"I FLATTER myself you do not love me less vehemently at ninety than you did at eighty-nine. Indeed I feel my passion for you increase yearly : a miser does not love a *new*

* See in Eccentric Biography, p. 218, an account of this curious character.

*guinea*, or an antiquary an *old one*, more than I do you; like a *virtuoso*, I admire the *verd antique* on your character, and set a higher price on your affection every day. If the winter of the year had been as pleasant as the winter of your age, I should have called on you at Chelsea before this time, but it has been so harsh and severe that I durst not venture myself abroad under its influence, &c."

In private life, Mrs. M. was "an example of liberal discretion and rational benevolence. Her hand was extended to the protection of genius and to the relief of distress. Her mansion was the resort of distinguished characters, and all were ready to pay the homage due to the endowments of her head and to the amiable qualities of her heart.

One singular instance of her benevolence must not be passed over unnoticed:—For some years previous to her decease, she annually entertained, on the first day of May, with roast beef and plumb pudding, the *chimney-sweepers* of the metropolis, in the court-yard of her house, Portman-square! It was reported that her predilection for the sooty tribe was, that having once lost a child, she found it amongst them. But this cannot be a fact, for she never had a family. The real cause was her delight to do good, and, in imitation of Jonas Hanway, she thought her regards were particularly due to this unfortunate class of society.

Mrs. Montague died at her house in Portman-square, 1800, having reached an advanced age, and was much regretted by her connec-

tions. Her talents and beneficence are entitled to our admiration. Making every proper allowance for human imperfection, she may be deemed an ornament and blessing to society.

*Islington.* J. E.

## *THE REFLECTOR.*

### NO. 69.

### *CIVILIZED WAR,*

A POEM.

BY JOSEPH FAWCETT.

*Scelerata devovet bella.* OVID.

HAVING in the former number afforded our readers an idea of the poem entitled *Civilized War*, by means of various extracts, we proceed to close our review of it. The subject is important, and duly impressed on the mind, cannot fail of proving favorable to the best interests of society.

The contrast betwixt the war of savages and of Europeans is remarkably impressive :—

The savage warrior feels nor fears its rage :
Nurs'd in no silken lap his lion-nerves,
Strings made of steel, firm and untrembling, know
To laugh at torment and to sing in death.
War is his sport—in ecstasy of soul,
He whoops, and hails the hour that bids him face
Its threat'ning front—its horrid powers defy,
And hew in pieces whom he's train'd to hate.
Not with this prompt exulting leap to arms,

Europe's cold hireling, with her trump, complies;
Forth to the field, unus'd to suffer pain,
And long time lapp'd in soft and drowsy ease,
Fearful and loth he moves; the arms of peace
He leaves reluctant, and reluctant lifts
The hostile spear; nor by hot malice spurn'd
'Gainst whom he's sent to slay, nor flaming love
Of whom he goes to serve with heartless step;
Sluggish and home inclining, he obeys
His crested master's bidding to depart.
The field he enters chill, again obeys
His crested master's bidding to destroy!

So inveterate is the poet's aversion to every thing of a military nature, that the crowding of spectators to behold soldiers passing along the streets must be for want of consideration:

Lo! not a brow is knit, nor quits its rest
One quiet feature, nor one single eye
Darts angry light, or wounded shrinks away
At such a monstrous scene! a concourse vast
Of *homicides* thick pressing on the sight,
Whose train protracted satiates, as they pass,
E'en eyes that gaze on shows with long delight,
Each going forth to do that deed accurs'd,
Whose *solitary* act, in fancy's ear,
Excites the raven's scream; while the dread spot
Where violated life's hoarse groans arise,
Shows frightful shapes to superstition's eye,
And the dire tale, on winter's witching eve,
In narrower ring the shiv'ring circle knits,
Close creeping to the warm protecting hearth!

He also expresses his opinion that their superb decorations fascinate the eye, and make us forget that they are destined to shed blood:

While beauteous banners o'er the moving pomp
Unroll their silken sheets, that in rich streaks
Vie with the morning, and in easy stream,
And in playful freedom, flutt'ring loose in air,
Flirt with the wanton gale; and sprightly sounds
Of rousing music join the gorgeous show—
The thund'ring tone of drums, and the keen notes
Of the sharp fife, and high inciting sounds
Of trumpets, that persuade the thrilling ear
" 'Tis honor calls to arms! and the big call,
'Tis heroes that obey!" Thus proudly cloath'd
In luxury of dress, with such a sweep
And swell of regal gown, all over cloak'd
In every part with amplitude of pall.
Voluminous disguise! this ugly act,
Foul hag of night, mishapen monstrous thing!
Abhorr'd and loathsome to the sense of right,
As to the sight the ribs of bony death,
Or hideous Scylla's womb of barking hounds
Fails to disgust: the amiable vice,
Hid in magnificence and drown'd in state,
Loses the fiend, receives the sounding name
Of *glorious war*, and thro' th' admiring throng
Uncurs'd the ornamented murderers move!

The wide difference between the killing of an *individual* and of *multitudes* is painted in strong colours:

——— If but some few life-drops
Blush on the ground for him whose impious hand
The scanty purple sprinkled, a keen search
Commences straight: but if a sea be spilt,
But if a deluge spread its boundless stain,
And fields be flooded from the veins of man
O'er the red plain, no solemn coroner
His inquisition holds. If but one corse,

With murder's sign upon it, meet the eye
Of pale discovery in the lone recess,
Justice begins the chace: when high are pil'd
Mountains of slain, the large enormous guilt,
Safe in its size, too vast for laws to whip,
Trembles before no bar! Thus close her sphere,
How poor the boast of law! She wants an eye
More keen to find, whom caught, her arm can scourge,
And in her hand there needs a Michael-sword
Of ampler blade, her bulkier foes to smite,
Fell *mountain-evil*, huge colossal fiend,
Satannic in his stature and his might!

Having thus reprobated *Civilized War* in all its branches, Mr. F. exclaims with energy and feeling:

And is this *civil* life, where *civil* lands
So scant a sum of savage violence
Can lash within them? while without them all,
Against each other the barbarians play—
Where fraud her contests adds to those of force,
And *wars* the city and the field infest!
Oh! when that voice which dead confusion heard,
Shall human chaos hear? Oh! when shall cease,
Obedient to its call, this noise confus'd
Of various battle—this continuous din
In war of clashing steel?——
How long shall it be thus? Say, reason, say,
When shall thy long minority expire?
When shall thy dilatory kingdom come?
Haste, royal infant, to thy manhood spring,
All-mighty, when mature, to rule mankind!
Weak are the outward checks that would supply
Thy bridle's place within the secret heart:
Thine is the majesty, the victory thine,
For thee reserv'd o'er all the wrongs of life!

The pigmy, rapine, whose invasions vex
The private scene, that hides his head minute
From human justice, it is thine to end;
And thine the Titan, crimes that lift to Heav'n
Their blushless fronts and laugh at laws—to thee
All might belongs: leap to thy ripen'd years,
Mount thine immortal throne, and sway the world!

Thus have we extracted several passages from the poem entitled *Civilized War*: whence it appears that the poet denounces the greatest evil that can scourge mankind. Andyet it is an evil that has always afflicted the human race; and it is CHRISTIANITY alone that ensures its extirpation. That Mr. F. who once shone as a preacher of that religion, should be silent on the beautiful prospects held out in holy writ, with respect to the future peace and happiness of the world, excites our astonishment. Why should he observe this profound silence? For what reasons could he thus sullenly refuse to avail himself of its glorious aid? This strange fact can be best accounted for by himself.—Much as we admire the poem, there is at present a lamentable deficiency. He might, under the inspiring influence of christianity, have launched forth with peculiar exultation: the energy of his muse might have exhausted itself on so sublime a topic, whilst his benevolence would have been completely gratified.

*Islington.* J. E.

## PRESENTATION OF THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR, LORD WHITWORTH, TO THE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE.

WITH a view of giving greater *eclat* to the presentation of the English ambassador, the monthly parade of the troops was *antedated*, and took place on Sunday the 5th of December. Several of the regiments had new colours given them, and the Curasiers, for the first time since the revolution, appeared in armour. They are not, strictly speaking, a new corps, having been in use in the times of the monarchy, but they were revived this day.

The weather, however, turned out very inauspicious, for it began to rain almost the very moment the troops assembled. This *contre temps*, however, did not prevent the Parisians from assembling in vast numbers: the square of the *Carousal* was thronged so as almost to render it impossible to move. The windows and tops of the adjacent houses, likewise, were crowded with spectators. The apartments in the Thuilleries exhibited a greater proportion of English visitors than has ever been known before, among whom the *red coats* were particularly conspicuous.

The first consul was dressed after his customary manner on those occasions, very plain: he wore a cocked hat, without any lace, and rode a white charger. Several petitions were presented to him. Half a dozen sabres of honor was distributed to such as had particularly distinguished themselves.

Lord Whitworth was not present at the parade. This, we understand, proceeded from a point of *etiquette*, as, till the presentation of his credentials, he could only be considered as a private gentleman, and could not with propriety be introduced to the ambassador's hall. He arrived about half past two, in the carriage of Joseph Bonaparte, drawn by six bay horses. He was dressed in black. Then followed two carriages, with four horses; and lastly, his excellency's own carriage, drawn by six greys. It was empty. The splendor of his retinue attracted universal admiration. He was received with distinguished politeness by the first Consul. The dinner was served up for upwards of two hundred covers.

For the populace at large, one of the chief objects of curiosity was his lordship's coachman, who appeared in the true old English style, with a round hat, and a neat coachman's wig: he is a plump jolly man, and his looks evince that he is not starved by his master. The *tout ensemble* of his appearace presented a striking contrast to the French style of equipment. But a still greater contrast was furnished by the manners of the French and English servants: the moment the French attendants had put down their illustrious guests at the palace, they whipt a short pipe out of their pockets, a flint and steel, lighted their pipes, with perfect *non chalance*, and smoked with all the calm repose of Dutchmen.

## *MORAL MYTHOLOGY,*

### EXPLAINED BY LORD BACON.

*(The Editors of the Monthly Visitor have been induced to give the following Fables of Lord Bacon, with their moral inferences, so ingeniously drawn by that great philosopher; and doubt not but that they will serve as useful lessons to their juvenile readers and friends in general.)*

### 1.

### THE FABLE OF MEMNON;

Explained of the fatal Precipitancy of Youth.

THE poets made Memnon the son of Aurora; and bring him to the Trojan war in beautiful armour, and flushed with popular praise; where thirsting after farther glory, and rashly hurrying on to the greatest enterprizes, he engages the bravest warrior of all the Greeks, Achilles, and falls by his hand in single combat. Jupiter, in commiseration of his death, sent birds to grace his funeral, that perpetually chanted certain mournful and bewailing dirges. It is also reported, that the rays of the rising sun, striking his statue, used to give a lamenting sound.

#### EXPLANATION.

This fable regards the unfortunate end of those promising youths, who, like sons of the morning, elate with empty hopes and glittering outsides, attempt things beyond their strength;

challenge the bravest heroes, provoke them to the combat, and proving unequal, die in their high attempts.

The death of such youths seldom fails to meet with infinite pity, as no mortal calamity is more moving and afflicting than to see the flower of virtue cropped before its time. Nay, the prime of life enjoyed to the full, or even to a degree of envy, does not assuage or moderate the grief occasioned by the untimely death of such hopeful youths: but lamentations and bewailings fly, like mournful birds, about their tombs, for a long while after, especially upon all fresh occasions, new commotions, and the beginning of great actions, the passionate desire of them is renewed, as by the sun's morning rays.

## 2.

### THE FABLE OF TYTHONUS;

### Explained of predominant Passions.

It is elegantly fabled by Tythonus, that being exceedingly beloved by Aurora, she petitioned Jupiter that he might prove immortal; thereby to secure herself the everlasting enjoyment of his company: but through female inadvertence she forgot to add, that he might never grow old: so that, though he proved immortal, he became miserably worn and consumed with age, insomuch, that Jupiter, out of pity, at length transformed him to a grasshopper.

EXPLANATION.

This fable seems to contain an ingenious description of pleasure; which at first, as it were in the morning of the day, is so welcome, that men pray to have it everlasting, but forget that satiety and weariness of it will, like old age, overtake them, though they think not of it; so that at length, when their appetite for pleasurable actions is gone, their desires and affections often continue: whence we commonly find that aged persons delight themselves with the discourse and remembrance of the things agreeable to them in their better days. This is very remarkable in men of a loose, and men of a military life—the former whereof are always talking over their amours, and the latter the exploits of their youth; like grasshoppers, that show their vigor only by their chirping.

3.

THE FABLE OF NARCISSUS;

Explained of Self-love.

NARCISSUS is said to have been extremely beautiful and comely, but intolerably proud and disdainful; so that, pleased with himself, and scorning the world, he led a solitary life in the woods, hunting only with a few followers, who were his professed admirers, and amongst the rest, the nymph Echo was his constant attendant. In this method of life it was once his

fate to approach a clear fountain, where he laid himself down to rest, in the noon-day heat; when, beholding his image in the water, he fell into such a rapture and admiration of himself that he could by no means be got away, but remained continually fixed and gazing; till at length he was turned into a flower of his own name which appears early in the spring, and is consecrated to the infernal deities, Pluto, Proserpine, and the furies.

### EXPLANATION.

This fable seems to paint the behaviour and fortune of those, who, for their beauty, or other endowments, wherewith nature (without any industry of their own), has graced and adorned them, are extravagantly fond of themselves. For men of such a disposition generally affect retirement, and absence from public affairs; as a life of business must necessarily subject them to many neglects and contempts, which might disturb and ruffle their minds: whence such persons commonly lead a solitary, private, and shadowy life, see little company, and those only such as highly admire and reverence them, or, like an echo, assent to all they say.

And they who are depraved, and rendered still fonder of themselves by this custom, grow strangely indolent, inactive, and perfectly stupid. The narcissus, a spring flower, is an elegant emblem of this temper, which at first flourishes, and is talked of, but when ripe, frustrates the expectation conceived of it.

And that this flower should be sacred to the infernal powers carries on the allusion still farther; because men of this humour are perfectly useless in all respects: for whatever yields no fruit, but passes, and is no more, like the way of a ship in the sea, was by the ancients consecrated to the infernal shades and powers.

4.

### THE FABLE OF JUNO'S COURTSHIP;

Explained of Submission and Abjection.

THE poets tell us, that Jupiter, to carry on his love-intrigues, assumed many different shapes, as of a bull, an eagle, a swan, a golden shower, but when he attempted Juno, he turned himself into the most ignoble and ridiculous creature, even that of a wretched, wet, weather-beaten, affrighted, trembling, and half-starved cuckow.

### EXPLANATION.

This is a wise fable, and drawn from the very entrails of morality. The moral is, that men should not be conceited of themselves, and imagine that a discovery of their excellencies will always render them acceptable; for this can only succeed according to the nature and manners of the person they court or solicit, who, if he be a man not of the same gifts and endowments, but altogether of a haughty and contemptuous behaviour, here represented by the person of Juno, they must entirely drop the

character that carries the least show of worth or gracefulness; if they proceed upon any other footing, it is downright folly: nor is it sufficient to act the deformity of obsequiousness, unless they really change themselves, and become abject and contemptible in their persons.

5.

### THE FABLE OF CASSANDRA;

Explained of too free and unseasonable Advice.

THE poets relate, that Apollo falling in love with Cassandra, was still deluded and put off by her, yet fed with hopes, till she had got from him the gift of prophecy; and having now obtained her end, she flatly rejected his suit.—Apollo, unable to recal his rash gift, yet enraged to be outwitted by a girl, annexed this penalty to it, that though she should always prophecy true, she should never be believed; whence her divinations were always slighted, even when she again and again predicted the ruin of her country.

### EXPLANATION.

This fable seems invented to express the insignificance of unseasonable advice. For they who are conceited, stubborn, or intractable, and listen not to the instructions of Apollo, the god of harmony, so as to learn and observe the modulations and measures of affairs, the sharps and flats of discourse, the difference between judicious and vulgar ears, and the proper times

of speech and silence, let them be ever so intelligent, and ever so frank of their advice, or their counsels ever so good and just, yet all their endeavours, either of persuasion or force, are of little significance, and rather hasten the ruin of those they advise. But at last, when the calamitous event has made the sufferers feel the effect of their neglect, they too late reverence their advisers as deep, foreseeing, and faithful prophets.

Of this we have a remarkable instance in Cato of Utica, who discovered afar off, and long foretold, the approaching ruin of his country, both in the first conspiracy, and as it was prosecuted in the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, yet did no good the while, but rather hurt the commonwealth, and hurried on its destruction, which Cicero wisely observed in these words: "Cato, indeed, judges excellently, but prejudices the state, for he speaks as in the commonwealth of Plato, and not as in the dregs of Romulus."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## *MISCELLANEOUS.*

### THE LATE CELEBRATED MR. CASLON

The Letter-founder.

MR. William Caslon, born in that part of the town of Hales-owen which is situated in Shropshire, in 1692, and who is justly styled by Mr. Rowe-Mores "the Coryphæus of let-

ter-founders," was not brought up to that business; "which is a handy-work so concealed among the artificers of it," that Mr. Moxon, in his indefatigable researches on that subject, "could not discover that any one had taught it any other, but every one that had used it learned it of his own genuine inclination." He served a regular apprenticeship to an engraver of ornaments on gun-barrels; and was taken from that instrument to an employment of a very different tendency—the propagation of the christian faith. In the year 1720 (the year in which his eldest son was born) the society for promoting christian knowledge, in consequence of a representation made by Mr. Solomon Negri, a native of Damascus in Syria, well skilled in the oriental languages, who had been professor of Arabic in places of note for a great part of his life, deemed it expedient to print for the use of the eastern churches the New Testament and Psalter, in the Arabic language, for the benefit of the poor christians in Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Egypt, the constitution of which countries allowed of no printing, and Mr. Caslon was pitched upon to cut the fount, which in his specimens is distinguished by the name of English Arabic.

Mr. Caslon, after he had finished his Arabic fount, cut the letters of his own name in Pica Roman,* and placed the name at the bottom of

* This circumstance has been verified by the late Dr. Franklin, who was at that time a journeyman

a specimen of the Arabic, and Mr. Palmer (the reputed author of Psalmanazar's History of Printing) seeing this name, advised Mr. Caslon to cut the whole fount of Pica. Mr. Caslon did so, and as the performance exceeded the letter of the other founders of the time, Mr. Palmer, whose circumstances required credit with those who, by this advice, were now obstructed, repented of having given the advice, and discouraged Mr. Caslon from any further progress. Mr, Caslon, disgusted, applied to Mr. Bowyer, under whose inspection he cut, in 1722, the beautiful fount of English which was used in printing Selden's Works, 1726; and the Coptic types, which were used for Dr. Wilkins's edition of the Pentateuch. Mr. Caslon was encouraged to proceed by Mr. Bowyer and Mr. Bettenham; and by diligence and unwearied application he arrived to that perfection as not only to free us from the necessity of importing types from Holland, but in the beauty and elegance of those made by him so far surpassed the best productions of foreign artificers, that his types have not unfrequently been exported to the continent; and it may with great justice and confidence be asserted, that a more beautiful specimen than his is not to be found in any part of the world. Mr. Caslon's first foundery was in a small house in Helmet-row, in Old-street; he afterwards re-

under Mr. Watts, the first printer that employed Mr. Caslon.

moved into Ironmonger-row; and about the year 1735 into Chiswell-street, where the foundery was carried on at first by himself, and afterwards in conjunction with William, his eldest son, whose name first appeared in the specimen of 1742. In or about the year 1750, Mr. Caslon was put into the commission of the peace for the county of Middlesex, and retired from the active part of business to a house opposite the Nag's Head in the Hackney-road, whence he removed to another house in Watergruel-row, and afterwards to Bethnal-green, where he died, January 23, 1766, at the age of 74, and was buried in the church-yard * of St. Luke, Middlesex, in which parish all his different founderies were situated. He was universally esteemed as a first-rate artist, a tender master, and an honest, friendly, and benevolent man.

Mr. Caslon's first residence was in Vine-street, in the Minories, where one considerable branch of his employment was to make tools for the book-binders and for the chasing of silver plate. Whilst he was engaged in this employment, the elder Mr. Bowyer accidentally saw in the shop of Mr. Daniel Browne, bookseller, near Temple-bar, the lettering of a book un-

* A handsome monument is erected to his memory, with this slight inscription:

"W. Caslon, Esq. ob. 23 Jan. 1766, æt. 74.

Also, W. Caslon, Esq. (son of the above), Ob. 17 Aug. 1778, æt. 58 years."

commonly neat; and enquiring who the artist was by whom the letters were made, Mr. Caslon was introduced to his acquaintance, and was taken by him to Mr. James's foundery in Bartholomew-close. Caslon had never before that time seen any part of the business; and being asked by his friend, if he thought he could undertake to cut types, he requested a single day to consider the matter, and then replied he had no doubt but he could. From this answer Mr. Bowyer lent him 200l. Mr. Bettenham lent him the same sum, and Mr. Watts 100l. and by that assistance our ingenious artist applied himself assiduously to his new pursuit, and was eminently successful—the three printers above-mentioned were of course his constant customers. It appears by Ged's "Narrative of his Scheme for Block-printing," that so early as 1739, "he had eclipsed his competitors in the art of letter-founding; but found more difficulty than he apprehended in an attempt to make plates for block-printing."—Mr. Caslon was three times married. The name of his second wife was Longman; of the third, Waters; and with each of these two ladies he had a good fortune.—The abilities of William Caslon jun. appeared to great advantage in a specimen of types of the learned languages in 1748.

## HUMOUROUS SYMPATHETIC ANECDOTE.

Communicated by a Subscriber.

THE following important discovery is recommended to the literati in general, but more particularly to the college of physicians, as it may be of the greatest consequence to them in future practice.

You must know then that a wonderful connection and sympathy have lately been observed between the breeches pocket and the animal spirits, which continually rise or fall as the contents of the former ebb or flow; insomuch that, from constant observation, I could venture to guess at a man's current cash by the degree of vivacity he has discovered in his conversation. When this cutaneous reservoir is flush, the spirits too are elate; when that is sunk and drained, how flat, dull, and insipid is every word and action! The very muscles and features of the face are influenced by this obscure fund of life and vigor. The heart proves to be only the inert receptacle of the blood, and those grosser spirits which serve for the animal function: but the pocket is fraught with those finer and more sublime spirits which constitute the wit, and many other distinguishing characters.

I could tell how a certain poet's finances stood by the very subject of his muse: gloomy elegies, biting satires, grave soliloquies, and dull translations, were certain indications of the *res angusta;* as Pindaric odes and pointed epigrams intimated a fresh recruit. So a grave politician, who frequented a noted coffee-house,

when these pocket-qualms were on him, used to give the most melancholy and deplorable accounts of the state of the nation—the increase of taxes, the abuse of the public revenue, the national debt, the decay of trade, and the excess of luxury, were the continual topics of his discourse; but when the cold fit of this intermitting disorder left him, the scene was quite altered, and then he was eternally haranguing on the power, grandeur, and wealth of the British nation. In short, this barometer of state rose or fell, not as the quick. but current silver contracted or expanded itself within its secret cell.

Under the influence of the same powerful charm, I have remarked a certain physician in the chamber of a wealthy patient clear up his countenance, and write his recipe with infinite vivacity and good humour; but in the abode of poverty, what a clouded brow, hopeless vibration of the head, and languor of the nerves! Like the sensitive plant, he shrunk from the cold hand of necessity: not that the doctor wanted humanity; but when a patient becomes a mere *caput mortuum*, and the *anima sacculi* expires, what sympathising heart but must be sensible of so dire a change!

It is impossible to record a tenth part of the wonderful effects this latent source of life and spirits has produced on the animal economy. What smiles of complacency and cringing adulation to my Lord Bloodrich, who no sooner turns his back than contempt and derision overtake him! What can this be owing to but the secret influence of the divinity which threw a

sort of awe and veneration about him? What but this magic power could have transformed Ned Traffic into a gentleman, Justice Allpaunch into a wit, or Squire Jolter into a man of taste? What but this could have given poignancy to the most insipid jokes, and weight to the most superficial arguments of Alderman Heaviside? What less than this divinity could make circumcision become uncircumcision, convert Gideonites to christians, or christians to Gideonites? It is this that, with more than tutelary power, protects its votaries from insults and oppressions, that silences the enraged accuser, and snatches the sword from the very hand of justice: towns and cities, like Jericho, without any miracle, have fallen flat before it; it has stopped the mouths of cannons, and, more surprising still, of faction and slander.

It has thrown a sort of glory about the globose and opaque sculls of quorum justices; it has imparted a dread and reverence to the ensigns of authority; and strange, passing strange to say, it has made youth and beauty fly into the arms of age, given charms to deformity and detestation, tranformed Hymen into Mammon, and the god of love into a satyr. It has built bridges without foundations, libraries without books, hospitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turned conscience into a deist, honor into a pimp, courage into a modern officer, and honesty into a stock-jobber. In short, there is nothing wonderful it has not effected, except making us wise, virtuous, and happy.

### SPARTAN ANECDOTE.

ANTALCIDAS, a Spartan, being about to enter into the priesthood, was asked by the priest what action worthy of renown he had performed during his life—he replied, "If I have performed any, God himself is acquainted with it." How noble an instance of modesty! how exalted a notion of the Deity! And surely nothing can be more foolish than to imagine by the commemoration of our actions, to recommend ourselves to the Deity, who has the clearest knowledge of their value and worth.

### ON GAMING.

To how many bad passions—to how many base acts does it give rise! What violent agitations of the mind, sometimes bursting into rage and frenzy, does it occasion! What a shameful traffic of gain does it form among persons whom their rank in life and their connections in society ought to have raised above the thought of enriching themselves by such dishonorable means! How many friendships has it broken—how many families has it ruined—in what deadly catastrophe has it often terminated! The gamester sits down at the fatal table with eager spirits and mighty hopes: behold him when he rises—a wretch, haggard and forlorn, cursing his fate, and, from despair of retrieving his ruined fortune, driven perhaps to entertain the horrid thought of ending his own existence!

## *PICTURE OF MODERN FRANCE.*

(Continued from page 187.)

### MANNERS, FASHIONS, ETC.

*Madame Bonaparte's Drawing-room.*

THE drawing-room at St. Cloud, on Thursday the 2nd of December, in point of brilliancy and fashion, eclipsed all former precedent. Mad. Bonaparte entered the drawing-room at half past 3 o'clock, when the following presentations took place:—Her Grace the Duchess of Dorset, lady of his excellency the English ambassador; her Grace the Duchess of Gordon, with her beautiful and accomplished daughter; her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle; Countess of Cholmondeley; Lady Conyngham; Lady Elizabeth Monck; Lady Elizabeth Forster, daughter of the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry.

These were the principal English ladies that were presented to Madame Bonaparte. The foreign circle of ladies was very numerous. Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador, was likewise presented, together with the noblemen and gentlemen presented to the first consul on the Sunday preceding. The rest of the company consisted of M. Talleyrand, minister for foreign affairs; M. Maret, secretary of state, with the other members of goverment; the foreign ministers, and their ladies; Sir John, Lady, and Miss Callander; Colonel Roche; Lieutenant-colonel Matthew; Lord Frederic

Montague; Major Staples; the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Orby Hunter; and a large party of fashion and beauty, of all nations, too long for recapitulation.

Her Grace the Duchess of Dorset was honored by Madame Bonaparte with the most marked attention. By mistake, her Grace was placed on the left, instead of the right hand of Madame Bonaparte. This occasioned a temporary derangement, which, however, only served to display the affability and politeness of Madame Bonaparte in a more conspicuous light. The Duchess of Gordon was likewise noticed in a most gracious and flattering manner, and, as well as her lovely and charming daughter, Lady Georgina, constituted the object of general admiration. Nor ought the beauteous and fascinating Lady Conyngham be omitted in this glorious constellation of female loveliness, this *lucidum cæli decus*, of which she formed so bright and sparkling a star.

During this splendid entertainment, the first Consul was particularly affable and attentive, and by his whole manner evinced the deep interest he took in the happy restoration of peace between the two countries, and the auspicious pledge of its permanency afforded by the introduction of the English ambassador.

The ceremony of presentation being over, the company were ushered through the long gallery to a spacious apartment, where refreshments were served up, consisting of the choicest wines, fruits, and other dainties. The present

being the first time of this custom taking place, we may consider it as a compliment to the English embassy.—About five o'clock the company withdrew, highly satisfied with the polite reception they had experienced, and loud in the praises of the urbanity and winning kindness of Madame Bonaparte. The Duchess of Gordon, in particular, expressed herself in terms of rapture at the elegant and conciliatory manners of that lady.

The apartments at St. Cloud, which the first consul and Madame Bonaparte use in general, are beyond imagination beautiful. They are about twelve in number, the drapery of which is placed with the greatest possible taste. The curtains are every where double; in one apartment, crimson velvet, with deep gold fringe, and an inner set of the richest silk; another, of purple satin and gold fringe, with an inner set of the finest muslin; another, of light blue and gold; each suite of rooms varying and displaying different taste. All the furniture, *a la Greque*, in the most finished style of elegance, with a profusion of ornaments of the choicest sort in every room, besides paintings of the most superior kind, and the most beautiful Gobelin tapestry. In short, in these apartments are united every thing French taste and fancy could imagine producing that effect which description cannot.

*Madame Recamier's Bed-chamber.*

This lady's bed-camber, in Paris, is said to be fitted up in a style of luxury and splendor far

surpassing any thing of the kind in Europe.—The bed-posts are of gold, the bed-curtains of gold muslin, and the tester one entire looking-glass.—The rest of the furniture is in the same style of expence and magnificence.

The following is said to be an accurate estimate of the first consul's dress:—

| | £. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| A velvet embroidered suit, full dress uniform of a French general, | 126 | 0 | 0 |
| Half-boots with gold embroidery, | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| A military hat, best beaver, | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Diamond button for the hat, weight 277 carats, | 232,000 | 0 | 0 |
| A sabre, with a best Damascus blade, | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Hilt of sabre, of solid gold, 27 ounces, | 108 | 0 | 0 |
| Diamond in the mouth of crocodile called the regent, | 126,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Diamond eyes of crocodile, | 1,500 | 0 | 0 |
| Epaulets of best brilliants, | 30,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Total value, | 389,751 | 10 | 0 |
| —Analysis of the above— | | | |
| Clothes and *useful* articles, including embroidery, gold-hilted sabre, &c. | 251 | 10 | 0 |
| *Ornamental* part, | 389,500 | 0 | 0 |

### PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FULL DRESS.—1. Hair in twists, covering the forehead, instead of the tuft *a l'Anglaise*; the hair gathered behind in silk or gold stuff, or striped silver gauze.—2. Hair also in twists, with fronts of black or poppy velvet, forming a band over the temple, and fastening the hair, which passes in twisted curls over the top of the head. This latter head-dress is executed in crape, which rises in small puffs in the front.—Embroidered kerchiefs, tied under the chin, are still prevalent. The rose has returned to favor with the *Modistes*. Orange colour is also frequently worn: lilac is quite discarded. Capotes of white satin are also much in fashion, and velvet ribbons in squares or zig-zags. Coloured feathers are also worn, and three white plumes, one above the other, appear sometimes in white velvet hats. Flowers are worn only in the hair. The metal arch which encircles the combs is no longer in the same direction with the teeth, but when the comb is placed in the head, the arch or diadem appears perpendicular. Long shawls, embroidered with gold, are most prevalent. Some young persons wear riding coats *a l' Ecuyere*, with small lappels, faced with velvet, the same as the collars; nut-brown is the most fashionable, and gaiters are as much worn as boots.

### LONDON FASHIONS.

THE mode of dress among the British fair has undergone little change since our last report.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

# *THE DRAMA.*

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY-LANE, DEC. 18.

A COMIC opera, called *Family Quarrels*, the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, was this evening performed for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Peppercorn Crabstick..Mr. Munden.
Squire Foxglove, .....Mr. Incledon.
Mushroom, .....Mr. Emery.
Argus, .....Mr. Blanchard.
Mr. Supplejack, .....Mr. Simmons.
Charles Supplejack, .....Mr. Braham.
Protens, .....Mr. Fawcett.
Landlord, .....Mr. Atkins.

Lady Patience Crabstick,..Miss Chapman.
Caroline Crabstick .....Miss Waddy.
Susan, .....Sig. Storace.
Mrs. Supplejack, .....Mrs. Davenport.
Kitty, .....Mrs Dibdin.
Lady Selina Sugarcane, ..Mrs. Mattocks.
Betty Lilly, .....Mrs. Martyr.

SKETCH OF THE PIECE.

The first scene presents a romantic view of a village, in which the adjacent mansions of the two families whose quarrels give a title to the piece are beautifully pourtrayed; in the foreground is a rustic bridge, and a cascade in motion. The piece opens with an assemblage of sportsmen, anglers, and huntsmen, one of whom (Squire Foxglove) relates that Sir Peppercorn Crabstick has broken off a match between his daughter Caroline and Charles, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Supplejack, because the latter, proud of her own honorable origin, has looked down upon the newly acquired title and fortune of Sir Peppercorn, whose greatest pride is to own his obligations to trade and the successful efforts of his own indefatigable industry. In their mutual anger, the heads of the two families introduce new plans of marriage for their raspective offspring.—Lady Selina Sugarcane, the chattering widow of a West India nabob, is brought from town as a match for Charles; and Miss Caroline is destined by her father to meet the addresses of Matthew Mushroom, Esq. a rich Yorkshire clothier, who is preferred by Sir Peppercorn for his great fortune,

and for the obscurity of the family he springs from. Charles, however, by the assistance of his friend Foxglove, procures an interview by Moonlight with Caroline, which is discovered by the vigilance of Argus, a trusty servant of Sir Peppercorn's, who suddenly catches the lovers together, and forbids her admirer and his friend ever to approach his house in future.

In act 2d, Caroline is cousigned close prisoner to her chamber, her maid Susan, however, contrives, in the disguise of a gipsey, to convey a letter to Charles, whose parents and intended bride she amuses by pretending to tell their fortunes. Peter Proteus, who is actuated by gratitude to Charles, and an antipathy to Argus (who had superseded him in Sir Peppercorn's service), deceives the latter in the disguise of a Jew, and effects the escape of Caroline, who, to avoid being seen in her flight, rides from her fatner's in a post-chaise, which Mrs. Supplejack had prepared to convey Charles to London, in hopes that absence might detach his affections from Caroline, who by this accident is sent away in the self same conveyance, and with the very man it was designed to take away from her.

Act 3d, after some preparatory scenes, discovers to the enraged parents the joint flight of their children, at a time when each were applauding their own sagacity in preventing their union.—Charles and Caroline are received by Squire Foxglove, the common friend of all parties, who employs his influence with the old fellows in their behalf.—Mr. Mushroom and

Lady Selina, finding themselves equally disappointed in the event of their journies to the village, make a match of it. While Sir Peppercorn Crabstick and Mrs. Supplejack, finding all their plans frustrated, agree to drop their absurd disputes about ancestry and trade, and try, by the union of the young lovers, to put an end to family quarrels.—Mr. Supplejack and Lady Patience Crabstick most heartily assent to the arrangement, having been perfectly passive throughout the business, while the joint services of Proteus and Susan are rewarded with a marriage portion.

The characters are strongly and distinctly marked, and the interest of the piece is very much increased by the skilful introduction of a variety of humourous and pleasant incidents. The dialogue possesses, however, more claims to *double entendre*, and promptitude of repartee, than to genuine wit. The first act is in every respect the best.

Every exertion has been made by Mr. Harris to render the opera worthy public patronage. The scenery and dresses are picturesque and appropriate, and the music adds very considerably to the reputation of Reeve, Moorehead, Davy, and Braham.

*Family Quarrels* will, we have little doubt, prove, after a few judicious alterations, as attractive as the *Cabinet* of the same author.

## EXTRACTS FROM
## *YOUNG ON ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.*

*Addressed to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison.*

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

(Continued from page 233.)

### ILL EFFECTS OF IMITATION.

A SPIRIT of imitation hath many ill effects: I shall confine myself to three. First, It deprives the liberal and politer arts of an advantage which the mechanic enjoys: in these, men are ever endeavouring to go beyond their predecessors; in the former, to follow them. And since copies surpass not their originals, as streams rise not higher than their spring, rarely so high; hence, while arts mechanic are in perpetual progress and encrease, the liberal are in retrogradation and decay. These resemble pyramids, are broad at bottom, but lessen exceedingly as they rise; those resemble rivers, which, from a small fountain-head, are spreading ever wider and wider as they run. Hence it is evident that different portions of understanding are not (as some imagine) allotted to different periods of time; for we see, in the same period, understanding rising in one set of artists, and declining in another. Therefore nature stands absolved, and our inferiority in composition must be charged on ourselves.

Nay, so far are we from complying with a necessity which lays us under, that, secondly, by a spirit of imitation we counteract nature, and thwart her design. She brings us into the world all originals: no two faces, no two minds are just alike, but all bear nature's evident mark of separation on them. Born originals, how comes it to pass that we die copies? That meddling ape, imitation, as soon as we come to years of indiscretion (so let me speak), snatches the pen, and blots out nature's mark of separation, cancels her kind intention. destroys all mental individuality; the lettered world no longer consists of singulars, it is a medley, a mass, and an hundred books at bottom are but one. Why are monkies such masters of mimickry? Why receive they such a talent at imitation? Is it not as the Spartan slaves received licence for ebriety, that their betters might be ashamed of it.

The third fault to be found with a spirit of imitation is, that with great incongruity it makes us poor and proud, makes us think little and write much; gives us huge folios, which are little better than more reputable cushions to promote our repose.

### INCENTIVES TO ORIGINALITY.

If there is a famine of invention in the land, like Joseph's brethren, we must travel far for food, we must visit the remote and rich ancients; but an inventive genius may safely stay at home: that, like the widow's cruise, is divinely replenished from within, and affords us a miraculous delight. Whether our own ge-

nius be such or not, we diligently should enquire, that we may not go a begging with gold in our purse; for there is a mine in man which must be deeply dug, ere we can conjecture its contents. Another often sees that in us which we see not ourselves; and may there not be that in us which is unseen by both? That there may, chance often discovers, either by a luckily chosen theme, or a mighty premium, or an absolute necessity of exertion, or a noble stroke of emulation from another's glory.

### CAUSE OF ORIGINALITY PLEADED.

Reasons there are why talents may not appear, none why they may not exist, as much in one period as another: an evocation of vegetable fruits depends on rain, air, and sun; an evocation of the fruits of genius no less depends on externals. What a marvellous crop bore it in Greece and Rome, and what a marvellous sunshine did it there enjoy! What encouragement from the nature of their governments and the spirit of their people! Virgil and Horace owed their divine talents to Heaven, their immortal works to men—thank Mæcenas and Augustus for them. Had it not been for these, the genius of those poets had lain buried in their ashes. Athens expended on her theatre, painting, sculpture, and architecture, a tax levied for the support of a war. Cæsar dropt his papers when Tully spoke, and Philip trembled at the voice of Demosthenes: and has there arisen but one Tully, one Demosthenes, in so long a course of years? The powerful elo-

quence of them both in one stream should never bear me down into the melancholy persuasion, that several have not been born, though they have not emerged. The sun as much exists in a cloudy day as in a clear; it is outward accidental circumstances, that with regard to genius either in nation or age,

*Collectas fugat nubes, solemque reducit.* VIRG.

### SUDDEN EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

Nor are we only ignorant of the dimensions of the human mind in general, but even of our own. That a man may be scarce less ignorant of his own powers, than an oyster of its pearl, or a rock of its diamond; that he may possess dormant unsuspected abilities, till awakened by loud calls, or stung up by striking emergencies, is evident from the sudden eruption of some men out of perfect obscurity into public admiration, on the strong impulse of some animating occasion, not more to the world's great surprise than their own. Few authors of distinction but have experienced something of this nature, at the first beamings of their yet unsuspected genius on their hitherto dark composition; the writer starts at it, as at a lucid meteor in the night, is much surprised, can scarce believe it true. During his happy confusion, it may be said to him as to Eve at the lake,

*What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself.*
MILTON.

Genius, in this view, is like a dear friend in our company under disguise, who, while we are

lamenting his absence, drops his mask, striking us at once with equal surprize and joy. This sensation, which I speak of in a writer, might favor, and so promote, the fable of poetic inspiration: a poet of a strong imagination, and stronger vanity, on feeling it, might naturally enough realize the world's mere compliment, and think himself truly inspired, which is not improbable, for enthusiasts of all kinds do no less.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

*(To be continued.)*

## *JUVENILE RECREATIONS.*

### SOLUTION TO OUR LAST NUMBER.

REBUS—Interest.

### CHARADE.

WHEN the fierce tyrant, winter, reigns,
And makes bare the groves and plains,
My first you oft may see;
My next, when falling showers distill,
Doth ponds, and lakes, and rivers fill
Unto a high degree.

My whole a flower will appear,
Which proclaims the spring of year.

*(To be answered in our next.)*

## HUMOUROUS DESCRIPTION OF A *HOLYDAY AND A HIGH-FLYING FOX-HUNTER.*

*From Daniel's Rural Sports, just published.*

TO describe one of the first class of the above sportsmen (says the author), it should commence with the preparing for the chace, when, to avoid every trace of fashionable effeminacy, he proves the strength of his stomach by huge slices of beef, and rejects those degrading slops of tea, coffee, or chocolate, for a jug of strong beer, and keeps all quiet with a bumper or two of brandy. Thus internally defended, with a new velvet cap, cordovan boots, doe-skin breeches, long necked spurs, orange padded saddle, and lemon fronted bridle, the hero of the day and his steed are both equipped; and if mounted upon a horse whose four legs have been fired, it will afford him the opportunity of knowingly remarking, that, "his superior excellence makes up for every external blemish, and that he does not care a farthing for external appearances; his horse is one of the safest and best leaped hunters, and that he has been bid a cool hundred for him." As a determination to put his excellence to the proof, he sets out late, and after a gallop of ten or a dozen miles, brings his horse up to the hounds in a lather, just as they are going to throw off; this naturally excites the surprise of every old-fashioned sportsman. But that the being remarked may not rest upon a single chance, he

rides rudely against one or two of the company, seems totally ignorant of the accident, nor thinks it necessary to apologize; such behaviour gives an air of importance, renders him more conspicuous than the most formal and honorable introduction, and shews he is too friendly in the field to stand upon ceremony. The instant the fox is found, if not before, he is sure to ride over and cripple some of the hounds, to dash at every unnecessary leap, to press his horse most thro' the deepest ground, and when the hounds come to a check, to vociferate some impertinent question to take off their attention; if fortunate enough to be in at the death, he makes inquiry for the nearest inn, and there calls for a quart of ale for his horse, and a dram for himself; after this refreshment he mounts again, and rattles his horse home with similar expedition to that of the morning. This is a tolerable just sketch of a *holyday* fox-hunter.

The *high flyer* has a few slight variations: he endeavours to inculcate the idea, that riding hard and riding bold are the leading qualifications to acquire pre-eminence, and in fact that nothing but the chace can ever engage a sensible man: to confirm his servants in this opinion, the strict preparatory orders given on the preceding evening are sure to put the whole house into confusion in the morning; the hunter is sent to the cover side, and from the hands of the hair-dresser he is consigned to the saddle of his hackney, upon which, with the celerity of a *Solebay* express, he reaches the spot; having

surveyed the company with due contempt, the hack is exchanged for the hunter; whilst the hounds are drawing, and every experienced sportsman is in silent agitation, at the first challenge, he is galloping from one extremity of the cover to the other, and upon their finding, contrives to fix himself at the most likely spot for the fox to break, where he heads him, conceiving the longer he remains in the cover where he is found, the greater the satisfaction of hearing the hounds; should the fox escape being mobbed to death by him and others of the same stamp, and break away, he lays as close to the hounds as possible, but when he finds the horses of others upon a par or superior to his own, he resorts to "Hold hard! Hold hard!" with all the powers of voice; this is another proof of consequence. If he has been accidentally behind, he makes a point of coming up in the midst of a dirty or watery lane, and by almost smothering those he passes with dirt or water, he again becomes the object of general attraction. Whenever he happens to be in at the death, he seizes upon the brush, or a pad at least, as a trophy, and for the particular want of which, he has given the huntsman or whippers-in a previous hint, if not a previous gratuity. After the chace he bores all his friends with its incredible length and innumerable difficulties, and how very much his science and intrepidity acquired universal admiration.

## *For the Monthly Visitor.*

Think'st thou religion only has her mask?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,
Pretend the worst, and at the bottom fail.
When visited by thought (thought will intrude),
Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.
Is there hypocrisy so foul as this,
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What detestation, what contempt their due!
And if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape,
That christian candor they strive hard to scorn.

YOUNG.

IT is a strong and powerful argument in favor of christianity, that its most active and inveterate enemies, when health sat blooming in their countenances, and prosperity smiled around them were ever ready to point at it the shafts of calumny, and make it the butt of ridicule: but when disease sat louring on their pallid cheeks, when misfortune blackened their smiling scenes, and death appeared to be aiming his unerring dart, tired dissimulation has dropt her mask, they have been ready to embrace it, and cry out with Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" Is religion fable and delusion? Happy delusion! thy rival, infidelity, can boast no such delusion! By thy moderating influence every pleasure of life is heightened: thy votaries can smile at the grim monster, death, and calmly resign their uncertain tenure

for an inheritance incorruptible and that fadeth not away.

That cruel and inexorable tyrant and persecutor, Galerius, whose barbarity would wound in the recital, when labouring under a lingering and disgusting disease, was struck with remorse and horror; and in order to atone for his flagrant acts of injustice, published an edict in favor of the christians, liberated them from the miseries of undeserved imprisonment, promised to rebuild their churches, and solicited their prayers.

The celebrated Hobbs, who made so much noise, and poisoned the court of King Charles by his licentious writings, could not bear to be alone, or in the dark, so dreadful were the reflections of his unhappy mind; he shuddered at the most distant thought of death, and when brought to the awful period, exclaimed in agony, "He was going to take a leap in the dark!"—a base and pitiful exit, discovering at once a degenerate soul and desperate end, beneath the spirit of the very heathens.

His zealous and indefatigable pupil, Lord Rochester, when drawing towards the close of his existence, became a penitent, declared his firm faith in christianity, and wished all that he had said against it might be buried in oblivion. "Monsieur de Voltaire," said Augustus Toplady, "forgets all his infidelity on two occasions, viz, when he is sick, and when it thunders and lightens: he is so particularly afraid of stormy weather, that if he happens to be

writing when the 'clouds pour down their torrents, the air thunders, and the arrows of the Almighty flash abroad,' he will call out in an agony of horror for a bottle of holy water, and sprinkle himself with it from head to foot, and plentifully bedew the floors and walls of his apartments into the bargain; immediately after which precaution he orders mass to be said at his chapel, and the masses go on briskly one after another until the thunder and lightning cease. But no sooner is the tempest hushed than a clear sky and placid elements settle him into a laughing infidel again, and resuming his pen, he writes against christianity with as much acrimony, zeal, and want of argument as ever. This behaviour reminds me of an old proverb:

"When the devil was sick,
The devil a monk would be;
But when the devil grew well,
The devil a monk was he."

Thus these men have endeavoured to impose upon the credulous and unthinking what in the moments of reflection they have been unable to force upon themselves: they have ridiculed a system which affords consolation under all the variegated calamities to which human nature is exposed, and to which they have been happy to resort as an asylum in the hour of distress. They have attempted to despise a religion which offers the most pungent and irresistible motives for the practice of every virtue, and would leave men to the dictates of depraved and corrupted reason: they would, by destroy-

ing every hope of immortality, abandon men to the perpetration of every act that a vicious or depraved inclination can suggest.

The virtues grow on immortality,
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A deity believ'd will nought avail—
Rewards and punishments make God ador'd,
And hopes and fears give conscience all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with immortality expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast has told me, he's a knave:
His duty 'tis to love himself alone,
Nor care, tho' mankind perish, if he smiles,
Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,
Is dead already—nought but brute survives.

YOUNG.

*Gravesend,* I. B.
*Dec.* 6, 1802.

## *THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF NEWSPAPERS*

### IN GREAT BRITAIN.

*(Concluded from page 250.)*

WHATEVER freedom, either of thought or of printing, may have been established in Scotland by the revolution, ten years elapsed before it was deemed safe by the public, or advantageous by an individual, to print a newspaper. The Edinburgh Gazette was at length published by authority, in February, 1699, by James Watson, who is still remember-

ed for his History of the Art of Printing. Having published only forty-one numbers, he transferred, in July, 1699, the Edinburgh Gazette to John Reid, on whose death it became the property of John Reid his son, who continued to print it even after the union. Watson was for many years the newsmonger of Scotland, as Butter had been of England during the prior age. In February, 1705, he established the Edinburgh Courant, which, after he had printed fifty-five numbers, he relinquished to the heirs and successors of Andrew Anderson, the printer to the queen, to the city, and to the college. Yet Watson still hoped for profit or honor from printing a newspaper; and, in September, 1705, he published the Scots Courant, which he continued to print beyond the year 1718. At the epoch of the union, Scotland had thus successively acquired three newspapers, which were all published at Edinburgh; but neither promoted that measure by their facts, nor retarded it by their declamations.

To the Gazette, the Edinburgh Courant, and the Scots Courant, were added, in October, 1708, the Edinburgh Flying Post; in August, 1709, the Scots Postman, which was printed by John Moncur for David Fearne; and in March, 1710, the North Tatler, which was printed by John Reid for Samuel Colvil.

The year 1715 is also the epoch when the commercial city of Glasgow first enjoyed the advantage of a newspaper. The Glasgow Courant alone was then equal to her wants. Her traffic, her opulence, and her knowledge

give circulation, at present, to a Journal, a Mercury, an Advertiser, and a Courier.

The printing of a newspaper at Glasgow did not prevent the establishment of other newspapers at Edinburgh. In March, 1714, Robert Brown began to print the Edinburgh Gazette, or Scots Postman, on Tuesday and Thursday in every week. On the 24th of December, 1718, the town council gave an exclusive privilege to James M'Ewen, stationer-burgess, to publish three times a week the Edinburgh Evening Courant, "the said James being obliged, before publication, to give ane coppie of his print to the magistrates." This paper continues to be published by David Ramsay, though I am unable to tell whether he complies with the original condition of giving ane coppie of his print to the present magistrates.

Thus much says Mr. Chalmers in his Life of Ruddiman respecting newspapers.

Since the period last mentioned (notwithstanding the gradual and enormous advance that has taken place on the price of paper) a wonderful number of newspapers have made their appearance, some of which existed but for a time, and then disappeared; and such has been the rapid increase in the publication of these vehicles of intelligence (for the very heavy additional duties on paper, as well as newspapers, which it might be natural to expect would have operated as a stimulus, has actually proved the contrary, by the present circulation being more extensive than ever was known at any former period), that at this time there are

no less than 112 town and country newspapers published in England, 13 in Scotland, and in Ireland 35.

Mr. Cowper gives us the following whimsical description of a newspaper:—

This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not e'en critics criticise, that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Tho' eloquent themselves, yet fear to break.
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?
'Tis pleasant thro' the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

A newspaper is so true a type of the caprice and levity of Englishmen, that it may be stiled their coat of arms. The Turkish Koran is not half so sacred to a rigid mahometan, a parish dinner to an overseer, a turtle feast to an alderman, or an election to a freeholder, as a gazette is to an English *quid-nunc*. If this informs him of a naval armament, he toasts the admirals in half-pints a-piece, wishes them success, gets drunk with loyalty, and goes to bed with his head full of 74's, 64's, frigates, transports, fire-ships!—But a newspaper, whose contents is not sanctioned by authority, is necessarily so much more the receptacle of invention; thence we hear—It is said—A correspondent remarks—Whereas, &c.—all serve to please, surprise, and inform. "We hear" can alter a man's face as the weather would a barometer; "It is said" can distort another like a

fit of the spasm; "If" can make some cry, while "Suppose" makes others laugh; while a "Whereas" is like an electrical shock; and though it often runs to the extremity of the kingdom, in unison with the rest, they altogether form a very agreeable mixture. But particular and domestic occurrences form a very essential part of this folio: thus a marriage hurts an old maid, mortifies a young one, while it consoles many a poor dejected husband, who is secretly pleased to find another is fallen into his case. A death, if a wife, makes husbands envy the widower, while perhaps some of the women who censure his want of decent sorrow, marry him in a month after!—In fine, every person is put in motion by a newspaper—it is a bill of fare, containing all the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life: politics, for instance, have of late been the roast beef of the times, essays the plumb-pudding, and poetry the friters, confections, custards, and all the *et cetera* of the table, usually denominated trifles. Yet the four winds are not liable to more mutability than the vehicles of these entertainments; for instance, on Monday it is whispered, on Tuesday it is rumoured, on Wednesday it is conjectured, on Thursday it is probable, on Friday it is positively asserted, and on Saturday it is premature. But notwithstanding this, somehow or other, all are eventually pleased; for, as the affections of all are divided among wit, anecdote, poetry, price of stocks, the arrival of ships, &c. a newspaper is a repository where every one has his hobby-horse; without it, coffee-

houses, &c. would be depopulated, and the country villages, the curate, the exciseman, and many others, lose the opportunity of knowing how the world is going on.

## Great Public Characters.

### NO. 6.

### M. DE CALONNE.

IT is with sincere regret we have to announce the death of M. de Calonne, who, both in public and private life, gave to all those who had an opportunity of observing his actions unceasing cause for love and admiration. He expired a few days ago at Paris, which he had visited for the second time since the revolution, in the 69th year of his age. All the miseries resulting from his complaint, which was a pleurisy, he bore for eleven days with the resignation of a christian and the fortitude of a philosopher.

During the revolution he sacrificed his whole fortune to his principles of loyalty and the duty he owed his king. By this event the public have lost a friend, whose abilities, talents, and exertions stood unrivalled, in whom the wisdom of the statesman was united with the most unbounded philanthropy, and adorned with all those amiable virtues which give a charm to friendship, and embellish social life. An enthusiastic admirer of the sciences and a patron of the liberal arts, his hand was ever extended

to raise merit from obscurity, and bring forward genius to observation. His name will never be forgotten by the world while worth and talents continue to be admired; and his virtues will live in the veneration and esteem of his friends till memory shall be no more.

His mind was remarkable for the richness and promptitude of its resources; and while there was scarcely an art or science in which he was not versed, he was equally happy in the application, to useful purposes, of his knowledge.

The following anecdote, of the authenticity of which there is no doubt, will serve to shew the quickness of his conception and execution. When Lewis XVI. visited Cherbourg, M. de Calonne had prepared for the king a chart of the road, but unknown to all the court, which described not only the towns and villages, but the principal seats, country houses, and farm houses, with the names of the owners and occupiers, and an account of the services they or their ancestors had performed, with all their characters, so as to give his majesty an opportunity of shewing to advantage his munificence and liberality. The courtiers were all surprised at this extraordinary instance of correctness, and the king felt himself highly indebted to the man who had thus furnished him with the means of knowing some of his most valuable subjects.

While M. de Calonne possessed power, he was as much employed in relieving distress, in rewarding merit, and in pointing out to his sovereign persons worthy of the royal favor, as he

was in the discharge of his official duties; and although he had many powerful enemies, he felt such confidence in his own services, that he never condescended to refute the calumnies and malevolence which were directed against him.

## *To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.*

GENTLEMEN,

FROM the very liberal plan on which your excellent work is conducted, I am induced to offer myself as an occasional correspondent. I have frequently been highly gratified in the perusal of the writings of the late ingenious Dr. Moore, an author well acquainted with men and manners, and who had a thorough knowledge of the world. In his *Edward* there is a very humourous anecdote related, entitled the *Versenary of General Quebec*, which I have taken the liberty to transcribe, and shall be highly gratified in seeing it inserted in the Monthly Visitor.

I am yours,

*Manchester,*
*Dec.* 6, 1802. A CORRESPONDENT.

### THE VERSENARY OF GENERAL QUEBEC.

"WHO is Nick the old soldier?" asked Mr. ——

"He is a poor Chelsea pensioner, answered an old woman, "who lives with his wife in that there cottage. He is liked very much in these here parts, please your honor, because he is always ready with his joke, and tells us stories of the wars, and General Wolfe, and General Quebec, and such like great commanders; but after all he is but a poor devil, with hardly a whole rag to his back, except upon Sundays, and upon the versenary of General Quebec."

"What is that?" said Mr. ——

"Good Lord! does your honor not know the versenary of General Quebec?" cried she.

"Not I."

"Well, that is curious," said the old woman; but we all know it in these here parts by the means of the old Nick. Good gracious, I wish your honor but saw him at the versenary!"

"Why, what the devil is the versenary?"

"I'll tell you particularly, please your honor," said she, "if your honor will only have a little patience."

"Well, well, let us hear."

"Why, then, your honor must know, that the versenary of General Quebec comes round, like Christmas, only once a year, and then old Nick appears in all his glory, with his red scarlet coat on his back, and his fierce cock'd laced hat on his head, and a uniformal sword by his side; and then he struts away to the ale-house, where he usually meets three or four old soldiers, who comes there to keep the versenary along with him; and so they drinks the healths of all the old commanders who were killed

abroad: and they begin to tell stories about the wars, and describe how the battles were won by the English, and lost by the French and Spaniards—for your honor knows that the French and Spaniards never beat the English in their lives, thoug they are two to one. And then old Nick gives a full and true account of how General Wolfe was killed, and General Quebec taken prisoner; and then they desire blind George, who was once a grenadier, and now sells ballads, to sing the *British Grenadiers*, which he does, all about Mars, the god of war, and all the other gods, descending upon spears,* and then they all join in the chorus, and beats the grenadiers' march with their tongues, and they are all as drunk as lords, and then I always helps Margery to carry Nick home—and then —and then is the versenary of General Quebec, please your honor.

* We insert the following stanza of the song to which this curious old woman alludes, that the reader may have a better idea of the subject:—

Great Jove, the god of thunder, and Mars, the god of war,
Neptune with his trident, and Apollo in his car,
And all the gods celestial, *descending from their spheres*,
To view with admiration the British grenadiers.

## *To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN the biographies of Goldsmith, it is mentioned, that he was for some time an assistant at an academy near town.—From an intelligent and respectable lady (lately visiting at my house), *the daughter of the master of that academy*, I have obtained the following particulars respecting Goldsmith, which, though inconsiderable, are not altogether undeserving of attention.

The academy near town in which Dr. Goldsmith officiated as an assistant, was at Peckham, under the care of Dr. John Milner, who published a Greek and Latin grammar, which have been much esteemed by the literary world. He was a dissenting minister of eminence; and his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Samuel Chandler, well known for his able writings in behalf of christianity. Dr. Milner died about the year 1760, and Dr. Goldsmith was employed by him as an usher near three years. He was not indeed with him at the time of his death; but so much was he respected by the widow and the family, that he was invited to return and take care of the seminary, which was continued some little time longer—with which request he complied. Dr. Goldsmith came to Peckham from Richardson, the celebrated novel writer, at that period a printer near blackfriars. Here he was occupied in

correcting the press; and of Richardson and his family he always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude. He had also at that time some acquaintance with Dr. Griffiths, the venerable proprietor and editor of the Monthly Review, to which respectable publication he even then contributed articles of criticism. From this gentleman he received considerable patronage, and therefore to his kindness he often professed himself much indebted. Previous to his engagement at the academy, he had travelled through many parts of Europe, and was tolerably well acquainted with the Latin and French languages. These he taught, and the latter he spoke with facility. As to his person, he was of middle stature, fair complexion, wore a large wig, slovenly in his dress, but possessing a benevolent countenance and a cheerful demeanor. If he thought any one slighted him, or used him ill, it occasioned a great dejection; but otherwise he was a most charming companion. He played frequently, but indifferently, on the German flute. In his conversation he discovered a very general acquaintance with books, and had a thorough knowledge of the customs and manners of mankind. In his diet he was very temperate—in his behaviour unassuming; and the young gentlemen were never so happy as when they could get him on a winter's evening to tell them anecdotes, with which his mind was well stored. But, alas! he never was an economist. Out of his scanty salary of twenty pounds a year, he frequently gave to persons in distress—making a point of never

sending a poor author away without half a crown! He had not a few of these latter applications; hence it was that he generally applied for his salary before it came due; and one day, upon an application of the kind to Mrs. Milner, she smiling said—"You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen;" to which he replied, with great good humour, "In truth, Madam, there is equal need," and pleasantly walked away. Upon his leaving Peckham, he subsisted on what his talents brought him as a writer; and once a relation of Dr. Milner being in company with him, he told him that Lord Bute had solicited the aid of his pen; but his reply was—"I will prostitute my talents to no man!" The lady to whom I am indebted for these particulars, also informed me, that her brother, the late Dr. Milner, for many years a respectable physician at Maidstone, once called on Goldsmith at the Temple, where he had very genteel lodgings, and a considerable library. But he was afterwards obliged to part with them on account of pecuniary embarrassments. Indeed he was, like too many other literary characters, often straitened in circumstances, through an entire want of that humble but most essential virtue, economy.

Such, gentlemen, are the particulars which I have obtained relative to the late Dr. Goldsmith. On their authenticity you may rely: therefore, where they coincide with the facts already recorded in the Lives of him, they add

a degree of confirmation; and whatever is new must gratify our curiosity. To ordinary readers they may appear trivial, whilst by others they may be deemed of some importance, as referring to an individual from whose writings they have derived no small portion of entertainment and instruction. Should this imperfect communication to your valuable miscellany prove the means of snatching only one trait of so excellent an author from oblivion, the trouble I have taken will be abundantly compensated.

I remain, gentlemen, yours, &c.

JOHN EVANS.

*Pullin's-row, Islington,*
*Dec.* 14, 1802.

## Epitome of Natural History.

NO. 4.

FROM a very interesting work lately published, entitled "Animal Biography," written by the Rev. W. Bingley, we select the following interesting accounts of the remarkable sagacity and other qualifications manifest in the canine race. This work abounds in much valuable and entertaining matter relative to the animal creation, from which we shall occasionally make extracts for the amusement of our readers.

We shall commence with Mr. Bingley's description of

### THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

These dogs (says he) were originally brought from the country of which they bear the name, where their great strength and docility render them extremely useful to the settlers, who employ them in bringing down wood, on sledges, from the interior parts of the country to the sea-coast. They possess great strength, and are able to draw very considerable weights: four of them yoked to a sledge will trail three hundred weight of wood, with apparent ease, for several miles. Their docility is as material to their owners as their strength, for they frequently perform these services without a driver, and having been relieved of their load at the proper place, return in the same order to the woods from whence they were dispatched, where their labours are commonly rewarded with a meal of dried fish.

They are web-footed, and can swim extremely fast, and with great ease.

Their extraordinary sagacity and attachment to their masters, render them, in particular situations, highly valuable.

During a severe storm, in the winter of 1789, a ship, belonging to Newcastle, was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take it from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge (which, in all probabity, was delivered

to him by his perishing master), at length leapt fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for all the things that came from the wrecked vessel, seizing them, and endeavouring to bring them to land.

The following is another instance of their docility and power of observation :—A gentleman walking by the side of the river Tyne, observed, on the opposite side, that a child had fallen into the water; he pointed out the object to his dog, which immediately jumped in, swam over, and catching hold of the child with his mouth, landed it safely on the shore.

### THE HOUND.

The following anecdote, among the immense numbers that have been recorded, affords a proof of the wonderful spirit of the hound, in supporting a continuance of exertion :

Many years since, a very large stag was turned out of Whinfield park, in the county of Westmoreland, and pursued by the hounds, till, by fatigue or accident, the whole pack was thrown out, except two staunch and favorite dogs, which continued the chace the greatest part of the day. The stag returned to the park from whence he set out, and, as his last effort, leapt the wall, and expired as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds pursued him to the wall, but being unable to get over, laid

down, and almost immediately expired: the other was also found at a little distance.

The length of the chace is uncertain, but as they were seen at Red-kirks, near Annan, in Scotland, distant, by the post-road, about forty-six miles, it is conjectured that the circuitous and uneven course they might be supposed to take would not be less than one hundred and twenty miles!

To commemorate this fact, the horns of the stag, which were the largest ever seen in that part of the country, were placed on a tree of a most enormous size in the park (afterwards called hart-horn tree) accompanied with this inscription:

"Hercules kill'd Hart o' Greece,
And Hart o' Greece kill'd Hercules."

The horns have been since removed, and are now at Julian's-bower, in the same county.

## THE BLOOD-HOUND.

THIS animal was in great request with our ancestors; and as it was remarkable for the fineness of its scent, it was frequently employed in recovering game that had escaped wounded from the hunter. It would follow, with great certainty, the footsteps of a man to a considerable distance; and in barbarous and uncivilized times, when the thief or murderer had fled, this useful creature would trace him through the thickest and most secret coverts, nor would it cease its pursuit till it had taken the felon. For this reason there was a law in

Scotland, that whoever denied entrance to one of these dogs, in pursuit of stolen goods, should be deemed an accessary.

Blood-hounds were formerly used in certain districts lying between England and Scotland, which were much infested by robbers and murderers; and a tax was laid on the inhabitants for keeping a certain number of them. But as the arm of justice is now extended over every part of the country, and there are no secret recesses where villainy can lie concealed, these services are become no longer necessary.

Some few of these dogs are kept in the southern parts of the kingdom, and are used in pursuit of deer that have been previously wounded; they are also sometimes employed in discovering deer-stealers, whom they infallibly trace by the blood that issues from the wounds of their victims.

A person of quality (says Mr. Boyle), to make a trial whether a young blood-hound was well instructed, caused one of his servants to walk to a town four miles off, and then to a market town three miles from thence. The dog, without seeing the man he was to pursue, followed him by the scent to the above mentioned places, notwithstanding the multitude of market-people that went along the same way, and of travellers that had occasion to cross it; and when the blood-hound came to the chief market-town, he passed through the streets without taking notice of any of the people there, and left not till he had gone to the house,

where the man he sought rested himself, and he found him in an upper room, to the wonder of those that followed him."

The blood-hounds are very tall, most beautifully formed, and superior to every other kind in activity, speed, and sagacity. They seldom bark, except in the chase, and are usually of a reddish or brown colour.

Sommerville has finely described their mode of pursuing the nightly spoiler —

Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending, plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attests his joy: then with deep-op'ning mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reasonings: o'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beast distain'd,
Unerring he pursues, till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey—
So exquisitely delicate his sense!

## *RECIPE*

### FOR ESTABLISHING TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

*To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN a curious collection of scarce literary articles, I chanced to meet with the following, which I think has some merit, and which I shall be happy to see inserted in your valuable work.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obliged, &c.

*Dec.* 4, 1802. T. H.

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In Pliny's Natural History we find a curious Receipt for making the Roman Friendship, a cordial, that was universally esteemed in those days, and very few families of any credit were without it. In the same place, he says, they were indebted to the Greeks for this receipt, who had it in the greatest perfection. The Old Roman Friendship was a composition of several ingredients, of which the principal was,

Union of Hearts, (a fine flower that grew in several parts of the empire,) Sincerity, Frankness, Disinterestedness, Pity, and Tenderness, (of each an equal quantity). These were all mixed with two rich oils, which they called

Perpetual kind Wishes; and Serenity of Temper; and the whole was strongly perfumed with the Desire of Pleasing, which gave it a most grateful smell, and was a sure restorative in all sorts of vapours. This cordial was of so durable a nature, that no length of time could waste it. And what is very remarkable, says our author, it increased in weight and value the longer you kept it.

The moderns have most grossly adulterated this fine receipt; some of the ingredients indeed are not to be found, but what they impose upon you as friendship, is as follows:

Outward Professions, [a common weed that grows every where] instead of the Flower of Union; the Desire of being Pleased; a large quantity of Self-interest, Conveniency, and Reservedness (many handfuls); a little Pity and Tenderness.

But some pretend to make it up with these two last, and the common Oil of Inconstancy, which, like our linseed oil, is cold drawn every hour, serves to mix them together. Most of these ingredients being of a perishable nature, it will not keep, and shews itself to be counterfeit, by lessening continually in weight and value.

## *For the Monthly Visitor.*

### CONTENTMENT IN HUMBLE LIFE PREFERABLE TO RICHES.

*Exemplified in a late remarkable occurrence.*

A SINGULAR proof of the propriety of the old adage, that use is second nature, has recently occurred in the village of Ewell, in Surrey. A man named Abel, originally of promising expectations, having lost an estate to which he was entitled by the collusion of an attorney, went into Germany, where he resided some time as an organ-builder, and, on his return, settled in Ewell as a journeyman carpenter, which humble occupation he chearfully carried on undisturbed by the chimerical visions of wealth or ambition. Contented with his earnings, and happy in moderate independence and the estimation of his neighbours, he existed in the unvaried routine of diurnal labour and evening repose—when, about a month since, a gentleman of the law, who is an honor to the profession, as uniting the soundest knowledge with the most incorruptible integrity, being apprised of the poor carpenter's claims, exerted himself with such ability and perseverance, that a decree reversing the former has been obtained, and a few days ago the astonished Abel came up to town to take possession of an estate consisting of houses situate in Rosemary-lane

and environs, estimated, in annual value, to considerably exceed ten thousand pounds!

At first the fortunate hero of this article conceived himself the happiest of men; for a time the novelty of wealth amused him, but growing fatigued by the unusual scene in which he was embarked, and listless for want of his accustomed occupation, he has since returned to Ewell (such is the prevalence of habit), and having experienced the inefficacy of mere riches conferring happiness, enjoys, in the exercise of his former humble, yet temperate employment, that true felicity which must ever result from a state devoid of the anxiety of care, and free from the corroding torments of *ennui*.

In the course of the previous investigation, it was requisite to search the cathedral of Winchester for some title deeds appertaining to the estate, which had lain there since the usurpation of Cromwell; one of the most material of which, after a laborious search, was discovered wrapt round an ordinary quart bottle!

Mr. Abel, in gratitude and esteem for the inhabitants of Ewell, has generously promised to adorn the church by the valuable present of a very elegant organ.

## *EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.*

### *To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.*

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE lately received from a relative, who resides in the county of Essex, the following account of a very extraordinary character, which, if you think it has sufficient interest to recommend it, you will much oblige me by inserting in your widely extended miscellany.—You may rely upon the veracity of the communication, which I will give you nearly in his own words.

I am, gentlemen, yours, &c.

*Southwark,* G. R.
*Dec.* 10, 1802.

*Essex, Nov.* 24, 1802.

A short time since died, at Hornchurch, in Essex, Edward Nokes, aged 56, by trade a tinker, which he followed zealously till about six weeks before his death.—His apartments pourtrayed symptoms of the most abject poverty, though at his death he was found to be possessed of property to the amount of between five and six thousand pounds. He had a wife and several children, which he brought up in the most parsimonious manner, often feeding them on grains and the offals of meat, which he purchased at reduced prices. He was no less remarkable in his person and dress, for in or-

der to save the expence of shaving, he would encourage the dirt to gather on his face, to hide in some measure this defect. He never suffered his shirt to be washed in water, but after wearing it till it became intolerably black, he used to wash it in urine, to save the expence of soap. His coat, which time had transformed into a jacket, would have puzzled the wisest philosophers to make out its original colour, so covered was it with shreds and patches of different colours, and those so diversified as to resemble the trophies of the different nations of Europe, and seemed to vie with Joseph's coat of many colours.

The interest of his money, together with all he could heap up from his penurious mode of living, he used to deposit in a bag, which bag was covered up in a tin pot, and then conveyed to a brick kitchen; one of the bricks was taken up, and a hole made just large enough to hold the pot; the brick was then carefully marked, and a tally kept behind the door of the sum deposited. One day his wife discovered this hoard, and resolving to profit by the opportunity, took from the pot one of sixteen guineas that were then placed there. Her husband soon discovered the trick, for when he came to count his money, and finding it not agree with the tally behind the door, which his wife did not know of, he taxed her with the theft, and to the day of his death, even on his death-bed, he never spoke to her without adding the epithet *Thief* to every expression.

In his younger days, he used, at the death of any of his children, to have a deal box made to put them in, and without undergoing the solemn requisites of a regular funeral, he would take them upon his shoulder to the place appropriated for their reception; where, once interred, he seemingly coincided with the old adage, "Out of sight, out of mind;" and went home as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

A short time before his death, which he evidently hastened by the daily use of near a quart of spirits, he gave strict charge that his coffin should not have a nail in it, which was actually the case, the lid being fastened with hinges made of cord; there was no plate on the coffin, but barely the initials E. N. cut out of the lid. His shroud was made of a pound of wool; the coffin was covered with a sheet instead of a pall, and was carried by six men, to each of whom he left half a crown: and at his particular desire not one who followed him to the grave wore mourning; but, on the contrary, each of the mourners seemed to try whose dress should be the most striking, the undertaker even being habited in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat. He died without a will, and his fortune was equally divided between his wife and family.

## The British Traveller.

NO. 7.

### EGYPTIAN FEMALE DESCRIBED, WITH THE MANNER OF PASSING THE NILE.

BY VIVANT DENON.*

*Illustrated by a Copperplate Engraving.*

OF the women of Egypt (says this gentleman), generally speaking, I have deferred the description till the men shall no longer insist on their veils, and the aged of the sex, more scrupulous still, shall suffer the young to display those beauties which themselves had been forced to conceal. He observed, however, that the girls, on whom marriage had not laid the restraint of the veil, bore a general resemblance to the Eyptian statue of the goddess Isis; and that the women of the inferior rank, who were more careful to hide their noses and mouths† than any other part of their body, fre-

* See an excellent translation of M. Denon's Travels in Egypt, in two vols. octavo, by E. A. Kendal, Esq.

† M. Denon mentions a poor woman, who having but one morsel of cloth in the world, used to cover her mouth and nose. It might be questioned, whether the foundation of this custom was an excess of modesty, which forbade the lips to be seen, or a precaution against the receiving the infection of the plague by aspiration.

quently discovered well formed limbs. They tatoo their eye-lids and chin; but this produces very little effect on the countenance. Their long drapery would not be destitute of nobleness were it not for a veil in the form of a ship's pendant, which falls from the eyes to the ground, and gives the whole costume a resemblance to the dismal habit of a penitent.

A gentleman of the country, who was under some obligations to M. Denon, testified his gratitude by inviting him to his house. In regard to his age, and the respect due to a stranger, he thought he could, for his better entertainment, take him to breakfast with his wife. She was beautiful, but had an air of melancholy. Her husband, who was a merchant, understood a little Italian, and served as an interpreter between them. His wife's complexion was dazzlingly fair, and her hands of extraordinary delicacy and elegance. M. Denon admired them: she presented them to him. They had not much to say to each other. M. Denon kissed her hands; she, very much embarrassed as to what, with politeness, she could do next, left them in his; and he, fearful that he should seem weary of the favor, did not dare return them. How the embarrassment would otherwise have ended is uncertain, but happily some refreshments were brought in. These were set close to herself, and she offered them to M. Denon in a manner very peculiar, and which had in it a species of grace. He thought that he perceived her abstracted melancholy to be only an affectation of greatness, which, in her opinion,

was to be shown by an indifference to all the magnificence by which she was surrounded and covered.

The lady represented in the plate, was a native of Egypt, but the wife of a Frank.* She was beautiful, says M. Denon, of amiable manners, and she loved her husband; but she was not amiable enough to love him alone: his jealousy was the cause of continual noisy quarrels; on her submission, she constantly promised to renounce the object of his jealousy; but the next day there was new affliction; she would weep, and repent again; still her husband had always some fresh cause for scolding. She lived opposite my windows; the street was narrow; and this alone naturally rendered me the witness and confidant of her sorrows.—She at length became the victim of her frailty. I regretted her: the singular goodness of her heart, the artlessness of her offences, the sincerity of her tears, had interested me.

The inhabitants of upper Egypt ascend and descend the Nile seated on a double bundle of straw, with a short and double paddle, their legs serving for oars *(see the engraving)*: they remain on the water two or three hours, till the bundle is absolutely saturated.

* Frank is the name by which the orientals distinguish every native of Europe, which part of the world they call *Frankistan*, or the *country of the Franks*.

THE

# *PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*

FOR DECEMBER, 1802.

## EDWARD AND EMMA.

IT was evening, when gayly and lightly tripp'd by
Fair Emma, the daughter of health;
All happy her days—nor for more did she sigh,
Nor for luxury, pleasure, or wealth.

She had been to a neighbouring market all day,
To sell what her fair hand had rear'd;
And now to her mother's still cot bent her way,
All charm'd with the evening bird.

The moon it shone bright on her fair illum'd face,
As, wondering, its beauty she view'd:
She heard a deep sigh—she quicken'd her pace,
And, thoughtful, her journey pursu'd.

It was Edward—who, tempted by Luna's pale light,
Forth walk'd, by the moon-silver'd tide,
And as raptur'd he gaz'd on the beauty of night,
His eyes first met Emma—he sigh'd.

He sigh'd—but his countenance brighten'd with joy,
As, struck with her beauty, he stood,
'Till no more her lov'd form his fond eyes could employ—
Then downcast in sorrowful mood.

He turn'd to his father's rich sumptuous hall,
With intent to drive care from his breast:
But joy no more heeded his suppliant call,
And in vain he sought comfort or rest.

And now he retires to some murmuring rill,
There pours out his grief and his woes:
The forests they hear him complain that he still,
Nor her name nor her family knows.

Thus on Edward, who formerly bloom'd in his youth,
Pale sickness has laid her dread hand.
He, bashful, conceals from his father the truth—
Ah! who against love can withstand!

B. F.

## GALERIO TO NERISSA.

EXTINCT was my flame, and my lyre unstrung,
The muse was no more my delight;
No more in soft strains would my woes have been sung,
My sorrows lay buried in night!

When thus sweetly whisper'd the innocent maid—
"If affection you'd have me requite,
Once more let your passion in verse be display'd,
If you love as you say, you can write."

Yes! Nerissa commands, and I haste to obey,
For submission she knows she shall find:
Yet say in what regions of verse shall I stray,
Where chuse a fit theme to my mind?

For if sensibility's province I seek,
The boon will I'm sure be deny'd,
Since the tear that should flow down humanity's cheek
Is restrain'd at the fountain of pride!

Or if for the rights that to nations are due,
I should dare to assert a just claim,
The gloom of a dungeon is held to my view,
And traitor affixed to my name.

Ah! where is the heart that's to sympathy dear,
That can throb with love's wildest excess,
At the voice of keen anguish let fall pity's tear,
And melt at a tale of distress?

Dearly prize it, if such you should ere chance to find,
For, oh! 'tis a circumstance rare,
Since merit itself to its kindred is blind,
And virtue is left to despair!

The cold voice of prudence usurps its lov'd name,
While folly upholds the deceit;
When the soul's best emotions attention should claim,
Proud int'rest ensures a defeat.

On Auburn's fair downs, when an infant, I sought
Where cowslips and primroses grew;
These innocent spoils to the cottage I brought,
And fondly expos'd them to view.

But when by the all-fruitful soil no more fed,
Nor cheer'd by the sun's genial ray,
I sigh'd, when dejected they held down their head,
And wept as I saw them decay.

For I knew, tho' a child, that man's life was the same,
Tho' his infancy smiling appear,
As the sun thro' a show'r reflects the mild beam,
He must purchase delight with a tear!

Adversity's blast chills the blossom of youth,
Maturity's poison'd with care,
Superstition obscures the refulgence of truth,
And reflection produces despair.

When lately desponding, with sickness oppress'd,
On the couch of disease I reclin'd;
Tho' my own feeble frame was with anguish impress'd,
I sigh'd for the fate of mankind.

But I tell the proud ruler of ———'s plains,
Who scoffs at the rights of mankind,
Tho' nations triumphant he hold in his chains,
And slaves in fast bondage he bind,

That the time is at hand when the world shall be free,
When wars and fierce tumults shall cease,
In concord and union all nations agree,
And enjoy the mild blessings of peace!

Persecution no longer shall visit the earth,
The reign of oppression be o'er,
Servility's badge be destroy'd in its birth,
And tyranny suffer'd no more.

And then, as on high, when we see from afar,
On a clear and a temperate night,
The gay sparkling lustre of some well-known star,
Dispensing its refluent light,

With innocence clad, shall Nerissa appear,
Her virtues shall blessings impart;
Sensibility then shall excite pity's tear,
And ease the fond throb of the heart!

And if haply, sweet maid, in some moment of joy,
You should hear my unfortunate name,
Altho' to your pleasure it bring some alloy
Yet, I pray you, be kind to my fame!

## TO MONSIEUR GARNERIN,

### THE AERONAUT.

"*Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia?*" Hor.
"Nay, ev'n the gods and heavenly climes
Are safe from our audacious crimes. *Dryden.*

GODWIN conceives that man has pow'r
To make himself immortal!
You hope, in your aerial tour,
To knock at Heav'n's bright portal.

But 'spite of all thy boasted wisdom,
Friend Godwin, thou must die!
And Garnerin will find, 'tis his doom
To rot beneath the sky.

Let us then each to act his part,
By Heaven assign'd him, learn—
For "know, vain man, that dust thou art,"
And shall to dust return.

P. P.

## AGAINST IMPIETY AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

WHO made us—for what end are we placed here—
Who made the earth, and who the atmosphere?
Who taught the sun his daily course to run,
And who, to light the night, gave the bright moon?
The atheist answers, these things no author own,
The earth, and man, and skies of chance were born.
Sure every christian 'gainst this will exclaim,
Yet many than atheists merit a viler name;
In God and Christ, in Heav'n and Hell believe,
And yet in sloth and wickedness who live;
Their Master's precepts without scruple break,
Despise Heaven's lasting joys for transient pleasures' sake;
Expose their lives e'en on the slightest cause,
Break thro' all human and all heav'nly laws;
In human blood imbrue their murd'rous hands,
And for excuse they say, "I did what honor commands."
Here let me not forget th' inhuman band
Who take the natives from hot Afric's land,
Expos'd to various woes, for sake of cursed gold,
Th' unhappy victims, like beasts, are bought and sold.
Methinks I hear th' unhappy suff'rers' cries,
Which pierce the air, and mount unto the skies;
Methinks I see their cruel masters gore
Their mangled sides, with recent flogging sore!
Here I will pause—my mind recoils to tell
Their different sorrows, almost as bad as Hell!
Unnatural masters! how will ye appear,
When summon'd to account for all your actions here?

Think you that God design'd these blacks to be
Th' unhappy victims of your cruelty?
Why do ye then thus spend the time, when God's intent
Was that it should in godliness be spent?
If such was his intent, let us obey,
Nor e'er be wicked in what we do or say;
Let's spend our time on earth in doing good,
And setting forth the power and praise of GOD.

## ADVERSITY.

STERN power, by Heaven design'd,
To scourge the pride of human kind,
And add to sickness woe;
Cruel tyrants mourn in vain,
Pierc'd by thy hard galling chain,
Pangs unpitied know.

Virtue first was sent from Heaven,
To thee the celestial prize was given,
To form her pliant mind;
By vigor taught and scrutiny severe,
To shed at others woe the tender tear,
Fearless—to her own resign'd.

At sight of thee what numbers shrink,
Pleasure's draught again would drink,
In folly's noisy scene;
Madden'd joy and laughter wild,
New objects finding, still beguil'd,
Among the croud are seen.

If thou appear, the sycophant retires,
Paying where fortune smiles, devoirs,

Leaving when reversion lours;
Fickle fortune again prove kind,
The deceiver in our walks we find,
And double flattery pours.

Wisdom in her sable dress array'd,
And modesty, sweet angelic maid,
Oft attend thy train;
Silent sadness with the pearly tear,
And charity, to herself severe,
In graceful form convene.

Fear-creating goddess, oh, be kind,
Shed thy influence on my mind,
In mercy bright array'd;
Dismiss'd thy dread terrific train,
Haggard sickness, want, and pain,
On me then thy rod be laid?

## DIRECTIONS FOR A TEA VASE.

BY THE LATE DR. DARWIN.

FRIEND Boulton, take these ingots fine,
From rich Potosi's sparkling mine;
With your nice art a tea vase mould,
Your art, more valu'd than the gold;
And where proud Radbourne's turrets rise,
To bright Eliza send the prize.
I'll have no serpents round it kiss
The foaming wave, and seem to hiss;
No Naiads weep, no Sphynxes stare,
No tail-hung dolphins high in air.
Let wreaths of myrtle round the rim,
And twisting rose-buds form the brim,
Each side let woodbine stalks descend,
And form the handles as they bend;

While at the foot a Cupid stands,
And twines the wreaths with both his hands.
Perch'd on the rising lid above,
Oh, place a love-lorn turtle dove,
With hanging wing and ruffled plume,
And gasping beak and eye of gloom.
Last, let the swelling vases shine
With silver white, and burnish fine,
Bright as the font whose banks beside
Narcissus gaz'd, and lov'd, and died.
Vase, when Eliza deigns to pour,
With snow-white hand, thy boiling shower,
And sweetly talks, and smiles, and sips
Thy fragrant stream with ruby lips,
More charms thy polish'd front shall shew,
Than ever Titian's pencil drew,
More than his chisel soft unfurl'd,
Whose heav'n-wrought statue charms the world.

## INVOCATION TO HOPE.

COME, sweet sorrow-soothing hope,
Come, and bid my sorrows cease;
Haste! with dread disquiet cope,
And give my soul its wonted peace.

Thy smile can smooth the brow of care,
And give the troubled spirit rest;
Can light the gloom of black despair,
And make e'en love's pale victim blest!

Inspir'd by thy reviving light,
I see truth's banners wave unfurl'd;
Philanthropy with love unite
To harmonise a warring world.

Then come, sweet Hope, and bless my sight,
Come, and bid my sorrows cease:
Illume my soul's dark dreary night,
And give my burning bosom peace.

A. R.

## DELIA'S ABSENCE.

NOW wintry scenes 'gin to decline,
And Sol in glorious lustre shines;
The trees once more appear in bloom,
And flowers reflect a sweet perfume.
But dull to me is spring's return,
While Delia's absence I must mourn.

Now lovely Flora, I behold,
All her beauteous charms unfold:
In verdure gay the groves are clad,
To cheer each drooping spirit sad;
In these no pleasure can I see,
While Delia's banish'd far from me.

The linnet, lark, blackbird, and thrush,
Melodious sing through every bush,
Whose soft enchanting notes resound
Sweetly through the vallies round:
But dull to me their notes appear,
Since Delia's voice I cannot hear.

Still winter reigns within my breast,
Nor can spring's beauties make me blest,
While I my Delia's loss bemoan.
And sigh unheeded and alone.
Haste then, my Delia, to my arms,
Let me enjoy once more your charms.

# Literary Review.

*La Bagatellá, or Delineations of Home Scenery; a descriptive Poem, in two Parts; with Notes critical and historical. By William Fox, jun.*

THE objects occurring in a walk from the metropolis to Islington and Hackney, and the rural scenery with which these two villages are encircled, form the subject of this poem. It is a matter of surprise that so many topics could have been derived from a theme of such apparent sterility: of this circumstance the author seems apprised in his preface, where he justifies his attempt by the examples of poets whose authority will not be disputed. However, lest the poem should not of itself be sufficiently amusing, copious notes are appended, which illustrate the text, and are marked by an engaging variety. As the principal aim in the poem is to describe common objects in natural and artless language, we are of opinion that the author has secured his aim, and we have read the poem with pleasure, on account of its interesting simplicity.

A few specimens of the poetry shall be adduced. The poem opens thus:—

'Tis lovely *May*, and nature's freshen'd face
Is all o'erhung with new-blown flowret bells,
Cull'd from the primrose paths of laughing spring.
The azure brightness of the dappled sky,
By long, light, shiver'd clouds just marbled o'er,
Cheers and revives the sight: while the gay sun
Gilds the rich landscape round, th' earth-roosted lark,
With fluttering wing and sharp quick quiv'ring note,
Soars upward, gladden'd by the morning air,
The soft and tender breath of balmy spring!

The following exclamation is both natural and impressive:—

Oh! how I love to stop and loiter here
On the green bench beneath the willow tree,
To list the trembling of the water by,
To watch the herd that in the meadow graze,
Or trace the labourer to his morning toil;
Or if my vagrant eye should rove so far,
To tell the turrets of the distant town,
Pleas'd with the space that rolls 'twixt them and me!

Enumerating the authors with whose works he had been delighted, he bursts forth into the following animated expressions:—

How holy *Milton* felt, ah! who shall tell,
When he of Paradise so largely sang,
In strains that Paradise may love to hear?
Or how great *Shakespeare*, when from nature's hand
The keys of her exhaustless stores he took?
Or frantic *Collins*, or diviner *Gray*,
When with quick trembling hand they seiz'd the lyre?

Not common men were these, nor common track
Did they pursue unto their journey's end:
The low horizon, that confines the croud,
With noble daring oft they stepp'd beyond,
And trod sublimer ground; with angel-light
Almost endow'd they on the future glanc'd,
The present and the past, and, eagle-ey'd,
From nature cull'd, with magic potency,
Each varied form—the flow'r, the shrub, the herb,
From forest wild, or the coal-water'd vale,
The tempest, and the calm, the western glow,
Morn's blushing tints, and evening's milder gray
To grace the scenery, they lov'd to paint!

We might easily multiply passages of this kind, with which our readers of taste would be gratified, but we recommend the whole poem to their perusal, persuaded that they will be pleased with its simplicity, whilst the historic notes cannot fail of proving acceptable. The vignettes which decorate the volume are happily executed, and impart to our minds a more complete idea of the beauty of that *home scenery* which is here so well described. An appendix on *descriptive poetry*, affording a series of extracts from those bards who have most excelled in this department of the *Heliconian* art does credit to the author's judgment and industry.

*An Apology for differing in Opinion from the Authors of the Monthly and Critical Reviews; by John C. Lettsom, M. and L.L.D. Member of several Academies and Literary Societies.*

THE character of Dr. Lettsom induces us to take up this pamphlet with considerable expectations—nor have we been disappointed: he successfully vindicates himself on literary communications. Vaccine inoculation, Dr. Jenner's discovery of vaccine inoculation, the means of preventing febrile contagion, and the establishment of charitable institutions. He takes up with particular spirit the defence of Dr. JENNER, and shews that he was amply entitled to the reward which the British parliament assigned him. That certain individuals should cavil at the discoverer of the vaccine inoculation was to be expected. It is a common saying, that envy pursues fame as the shadow follows the substance—the viper will continue to gnaw the file!

*History of the Rebellion in Ireland in 1798, &c. containing an impartial Account of the Proceedings of the Irish Revolutionists from the Year 1782 till the Suppression of the Rebellion! with an Appendix to illustrate some Facts. By the Rev. James Gordon, Rector of Killegny, &c. Second Edition.*

WE think it proper to announce a new edition of this work, which we admire for its impartiality. In this impression there is a considerable accession of matter, which throws light

on the melancholy subject. The author, we understand, is a worthy clergyman, and having resided for twenty-five years in the county of Wexford, the seat of the rebellion, he must be well acquainted with its rise, progress, and extinction. Here are excellent materials for some future historian, and of these materials we doubt not some future historian will avail himself. We deeply regret that the scenes which this volume discloses should ever have taken place in the sister kingdom—we shudder at the mere recollection of them. However, it is to be hoped that the union lately effected between Ireland and Great Britain will ensure their mutual good will and prosperity.

*Poems by George Dyer. In two Volumes.*

MR. Dyer some time ago intended to have published his poems in *three* volumes, and actually printed and circulated one of them. He has since changed his plan, and brings them out in *two* only, of a smaller size, for which he makes an apology. The former solitary production is however complete of itself, though the present work contains the most ample and just specimen of the bard's poetry.

The *first* volume is introduced by a long, though not unentertaining *Essay on Lyric Poetry* of 92 pages close print, in which are to be found some valuable observations on the poets of our own country. The *second* volume is prefaced by an *Essay on Representative Poetry*, which

extends to no great length, and may be read with pleasure. The poems are flowing and easy, mostly on familiar subjects, and breathing a spirit of tenderness and benevolence. The eccentricities of the author are sometimes observable, but not so as to defeat the purposes either of entertainment or instruction.

*Observations on the present relative Situation of Great Britain and France. Nov.* 16, 1802.

THIS pamphlet, supposed to have been written by Dr. Currie of Liverpool, is designed to expose all pretences for renewing the contest in which we were of late unhappily involved. The author is not only master of his subject, but expresses himself with an uncommon degree of energy. He thus reprobates war in pointed terms:—"War! that scourge of human nature—that creator of widows and orphans—that devourer of the subsistence of the poor—that fruitful source of desolation and blood abroad, and of tears, misery, and famine at home! War! that national and individual evil—that enemy to social intercourse which bears upon its brow the curse of God, and raises mankind to a dreadful pre-eminence over the rest of creation by superior ferocity, brutality, and guilt!"

The contents of this little piece may be recommended to all politicians, especially to those fiery spirits who delight in kindling the flames of contention among the peaceful inhabitants of the globe.

*A Treatise of Self knowledge, shewing the Nature and Benefit of that important Science, and the Way to attain it; intermixed with various Reflections and Observations on Human Nature. By John Mason, A. M. Jones's Edition.*

OF all the kinds of knowledge which the mind of man is capable of attaining, that of *knowing himself* is certainly the first in point of importance and utility. So high an opinion did the ancients entertain of this acquisition, that they used to say that the maxim, "Know thyself," came from Heaven. The work before us, now printed in a pocket size with neatness and accuracy, is held in considerable estimation by the religious world. Happy, however, would it have been had this interesting science of *self-knowledge* been more thoroughly possessed by them; then perhaps that prejudice among the sects might have been avoided which at present flings a cloud over the pure lustre of genuine christianity. This little volume would form a suitable present to young people at the commencement of a new year. We ought to grow wiser in the journey of life, and a knowledge of ourselves constitutes a lasting basis for our felicity.

## *Retrospect of the Political World*

FOR DECEMBER, 1802.

OF the present state of the FRENCH REPUBLIC much is detailed in the public prints, yet all cannot be believed. That it is ambitious, may be easily credited; but that it wishes to renew the war, exceeds credibility. The first consul, hower fond of arms, has perceived sufficiently the bitter effects of hostility, and will find it his interest to cultivate the arts of peace. The court which he now keeps is said to outshine every other in Europe: perhaps this may be a matter of policy; the French were always fond of shew, and there is no good reason why they should not be gratified.—"Pleased with a feather and tickled with a straw," mankind are only children of a large growth; and above one half of the human race are busily employed in amusing the rest. Such employments, at the same time, are infinitely preferable to the operations of war, which only serves to hurl millions of innocent creatures to destruction!

SWITZERLAND, we trust, is getting into a more composed state, though, from what has passed, it is presumable that a death-stroke has been given to their civil and religious liberty.

As to ourselves at HOME, little has been done previous to the recess; most, if not all of the petitions relative to *contested elections* are deferred for consideration, when the committees

will have enough on their hands to adjust the claims of the contending parties. A bill, however, is hurrying through the house for the correction of abuses existing in the *naval* department: the debates concerning its necessity have been spirited and impressive. We are glad to discern a disposition to reform—it is always a favorable indication, and therefore hail its operative energy in ameliorating our present condition. Over the treasures of the nation we should exercise an unremitting watchfulness—the expenditure of the *public money* calls for a strict and rigorous economy.

## *MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST*

### FOR DECEMBER, 1802.

1. COLONEL DESPARD and his associates, taken up at the Oakley Arms, Lambeth, were finally examined before the privy council; it was resolved that the colonel should be committed to Newgate to be tried for high treason, either by a special commission, or at the ensuing January sessions, Old Bailey; that others should be sent till trial to other prisons; and lastly, that several should be discharged.

5. *John Hatfield*, a notorious impostor (who, under the name of the Hon. Alex. Augustus Hope, married the *Beauty of Buttermere*, in Westmoreland), was brought to town from Brecknock, in Wales. He has undergone several

examinations, at which many of the nobility and gentry attended for the gratification of their curiosity.

8. Accounts received from Ireland that a violent storm, accompanied with alarming inundations, had done incredible mischief in the vicinity of Dublin, as well as in other parts of the country. Bridges were destroyed which it was thought would have stood for ages, houses with their furniture were borne down the flood with indescribable fury, whilst several individuals among the lower classes perished.

8. The smuggler, Johnson, made an extraordinary escape from the Fleet Prison, and got clear off to France. Injuring his thigh in letting himself down the wall of the prison, he crawled to a post-chaise and four ready to receive him, and soon reached the other side of the water. He says there was no necessity to pursue him so eagerly and offer money for his apprehension, as he intends to visit England very often!

10. A fine Indiaman, named *Lord Castlereagh*, was launched from the yard of Messrs. Barnard and Co. Deptford. Mrs. Charnock and Sir Sydney Smith performed the office of sponsors.

15. Mrs. Jordan, leaving Drury-lane theatre, had her coach robbed of many valuable articles: the thief, however, was soon after apprehended, and committed to prison. It was partly owing to the carelessness of the servant; but its detection will meet with its just punishment.

17. A melancholy accident happened near Dorchester: the father of a family, previous to his going to a wedding, left behind him some gunpowder, which the children laying hold of, threw in the fire. The explosion was great and tremendous: one of the children escaped, another is dreadfully burnt, and a third is so much injured that no hopes are entertained of its recovery, The number of accidents occasioned by gunpowder render inexcusable any neglect on the part of parents as to such an ingredient being left carelessly in any family.

20. Accounts reached us of the lamentable state of St. Domingo, the French army being nearly destroyed by disease, and the blacks rousing themselves to vengeance for past oppressions. The slavery of so many thousands of our fellow-creatures in that part of the world will one day meet with its proper reward.

22. A man, by trade a painter, was charged at Guildhall, by two young women, with accosting them in Fleet street, when he took each of them by the neck, as if to kiss them, and then bit them dreadfully in the cheek! The marks of his teeth were visible. This is a *new way of making love to the fair sex*; but the culprit, instead of denying the charge, only pleaded his intoxication.

22. Lord Hawkesbury gave a grand dinner at his house, St. James's square. Among the company were General Andreossi and suite, Mons. Schimmelpenninck, Baron de Jacobi, Lord Hervey, Sir Eyre Coote, Sir George Shee, Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Hammond, Mr.

Steele, &c. &c. The first and second courses were served on silver, and the desert on part of one of the four services of china sent as a present from Bonaparte to his lordship: they are all of the Seve manufactory.

23. A coroner's inquest having been taken on the body of a female apprentice at the workhouse of Bishopsgate, when it appeared that the corpse, though much bruised by beating, died (according to the report of the faculty) of a consumption. This report saved the master and mistress from being tried on a charge of murder, though it is certain that they behaved with a criminal brutality.

24. A famous trial of crim. con. took place between Lingham and Hunt, in which the former was awarded 5000 pounds, the damages which he demanded. It is altogether a strange story.—These trials are so frequent as to betray un uncommon degree of depravity in the state of manners amongst us. The late Lord Kenyon set his face against these crimes most manfully; and every good citizen will do every thing in his power to promote the purity and prosperity of his country.

## MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

*(From the London Gazette.)*

JA. KETLAND, New City-chambers, Bishopsgate-street, merchant. G. Torrane, Jermyn-street, merchant. W. Wigstead, Charing-cross, stationer. Jos. Payne, New-street, Birmingham,

uphol terer. Tim. Lewis, Newport, Monmouthshire, coal merchant. Samuel Burbage, Fenny Stratford, Buckinghamshire, innholder. Jos. Tinniswood, Brampton, Cumberland, linen-draper. Thomas Wigzell, Bowlin-green lane, Middlesex, carpenter. Samuel Newman, late of Finsbury-square, Middlesex, merchant. John Ryle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper. John Broadbent, Mosley, Lancashire, broker. Thomas Rider, Southampton, innholder. William Warwick, Red-lion-street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, jeweller. John Prangnell, Whitecross-street, Middlesex, smith. Thomas Neave and Moses Neave, Bickton, Southampton, millers. Benjamin Cook, North-Audley-street, baker. William Blogg, late of Pall Mall, architect and auctioneer. Bacon Bentfield, late of Yarmouth, Norfolk, liquor merchant. Hugh Woodney Corbett, Liverpool, merchant. Martin Dunsford, Tiverton, Devon, merchant. James Ainsworth, New Sleaford, Lincoln, mercer. Elizabeth Fearhead, Tunstal, Suffolk, grocer. John Barns, Rochford, Essex, dealer. Thomas Williams and Mary Field, Aldersgate-street, London, packers. William Dewis the younger, Bedworth, Warwickshire, silkman. W. Taylor, Harwick, Essex, ship-builder. J. Gibbs, Kent, corn-chandler. W. Parsons, Ringwood, Warwickshire, cornfactor. John Nicholas Durand, Millman-street, Bedford-row, Middlesex, merchant. David Henderson the younger, late of Bernard-street, Russel-square, Middlesex, merchant. Alexander John James Tessier, Bentinck-street, Soho, feather-merchant. Thomas Flower and John Cooper, Whitechapel, Middlesex, umbrella makers. John Whitby, Sandbach, Cheshire, cornfactor. Thomas Elbridge, Old-street, Middlesex, victualler. John Baxter, Middle Temple, merchant. Joseph Sims, late of

Honey-combe and Wishanger, Gloucestershire, yeoman. James Phillips, Totness, Devonshire, shopkeeper. John Peter Holloway, St. Swithin's-lane, wine merchant. Isaac Rogers, Dover, hoyman. John Stanley, Fleet-market, London, brandy merchant. Richard Sealey, now or late of Bruntcliffe, Yorkshire, spirit merchant. Obadiah Thomas Crook, Weybridge, Surrey, timber-dealer. James Hill, Newgate-street, linen-draper. John Morris, late of Shaddoxhurst, Kent, horse dealer. John Peter Halloway and Michael Curtis, city of London, merchants. Oliver Aplin, Banbury, scrivener. William Lund, Virginia-street, builder. Nicholas Nowell, Fleet-street, haberdasher. William Glin Johnson, Bond-court, Walbrook, merchant. John Bowman, Water-lane, London, brandy merchant. William Younghusband, Colchester, draper. Hugh Suart, Knuzden-brook, near Blackburne, whitster. George Carr the younger, now or late of Friday-street, London, Staffordshire warehouseman. James Roberts, late of Ashford, Kent, silversmith. Richard Jacob Richardson, late of London-street, merchant. John White, late of Old Broad-street, London, merchant. Isaac Mason, Deptford-bridge, Kent, upholder. John Tremlets, Exeter, draper. George Fleming, Leyland, Lancashire, muslin manufacturer. John Taylor, Worcester, draper. John James the elder, Nottingham, cotton-spinner. William Clarke, Arundel-street, Strand, mercant. Francis Calvart, Richmond, Surrey, stable-keeper. John Andrus, Abergavenny, Monmouth, ironmonger. John Lewis, Manchester, joiner. William Humfrys the elder and William Humfrys the younger, Old Fish-street, grocers. Thomas Stapleton, Sheerness, Kent, shop-keeper. Ralph Tunnecliff, Long Stratton, Norfolk, draper. Joseph Bird, Hounds-

ditch, hatter. William Tarn, Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, painter and glazier. James Probert, Leadenhall-street, victualler. Francis Frankland, Cheapside, warehouseman. John Bartlett, Frome Selwood, Somerset, baker. John Jones, Princess-street, Spitalfields, agent and underwriter. John Bowman, John Garford, and Thomas Bowman, Poplar and Limehouse, seed-crushers. Thomas Worthington, Manchester, merchant. Thomas Dornford, Philpot-lane London, wine merchant. Harris Peckover, Ipswich, Suffolk, woollen-draper. Thomas Smallpiece, Manchester, druggist Thomas Jowsey, Sunderland, Durham, innkeeper. Launcelot James, Middle-row, Holborn, linen-draper. John Pearson, Selby, Yorkshire, grocer. John Severey, Scarborough, Yorkshire, vintner. Benjamin Lane, Birchin-lane, London, insurance-broker. George Hill, Oxford-street, linen-draper. James Conrad Rishman, Bridge-street, Westminster, mercer. James Sturrock, Abingdon-street, Westminster, master mariner. Thomas Nash, Warwick-street, Golden-square, plumber and glazier. John Fisher, Briestfield, Thornhill, Yorkshire, white clothier.

*BIRTH.*

On Sunday, Dec. 19, at Broomfield House, Clapham Common, the lady of William Wilberforce. Esq. M. P. of a son.

*MARRIAGES.*

At Portsmouth, Captain Broughton, of the Penelope, to Miss J. Broughton, youngest daughter of the Rev. Sir T. Broughton,

At Holme, Yorkshire, J. Weld, Esq. second son of T. Weld, Esq. of Lulworth Castle, to the Hon. Miss C. Stourton, fourth daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Stourton.

At Lord Robert Seymour's, in Portland-place, Lord Southampton, to Miss Seymour, second daughter of Lord R. Seymour.

At Gloucester, Rear-admiral Thornborough, of the royal navy, to Miss Jeynes, daughter of Sir Edwin Jeynes, of that city.

At St. Ann's, Mr. Robert Baker, surgeon, of Frith-street, Soho-square, to Miss Scott, of St. Martin's-lane.

## *DEATHS.*

LATELY, at his house in Dover-street, Edward Hussey Montagu, Earl of Beaulieu. His lordship was in ill health for several years previous to his decease, and his death was owing to the decay of nature, he being in his 82d year. By his lordship's death, a princely fortune goes by will to distant relations, &c. The bulk of his estates, it is supposed, are bequeathed to Mr. Hussey, of Golden-square. Mr. Montagu, his nephew, who is now in the East Indies, will possess the estates at Ditton-park. A natural daughter is said to be handsomely provided for; and 200l. a year has been settled on an old servant, who was twenty-five years in his lordship's service.

At Kendal, in Westmoreland, a short time ago, Romney, the painter. He was an artist of taste rather than of genius: his merit was chiefly, if not entirely confined to portrait painting. His historical efforts are not recommended by energy of imagination. Some of his portraits are very good, and

many of them very indifferent. He acquired a considerable fortune in his profession, as much by his caution as by his skill, for he wisely avoided the test of comparison, never having exhibited any of his works in the Royal Academy. Hayley, the author, who was his particular friend, addressed one of his best poems to him, and highly complimented him on his professional genius; but it is probable that Romney was more indebted to his own laborious industry than to any eulogiums of the partial poet. Romney had retired from business some years, and resided at Hampstead. He had collected many works of art, that a man not insensible to fame might be supposed anxious to keep till his death, as a memorial of his taste: but Romney thought they were chiefly valuable for what they would produce, and therefore disposed of most, if not all of them, two or three years ago, bequitted Hampstead.

About three weeks ago, in the 82d year of his age, Mr. Roger Kemble. This gentleman's name will always be memorable in dramatic history, on account of those talents in his offspring, which have so eminently contributed to give lustre to the English stage. Mr. Roger Kemble very early in life ventured upon theatrical boards. He married Miss Ward, the daughter of Mr. Ward, a contemporary with Quin on the London stage, and who afterwards became the manager of a very respectable provincial company of performers. By this lady, who has the misfortune of seeing her venerable associate drop into the grave before her, he had a numerous train of children, to whom he gave all the advantages of education which it was in his power to bestow, and whom he had the pleasure of seeing arrive at an height of fame and fortune, by the fair exertion of industry and genius.

Lately, at his palace, in the city of Hereford, in the 85th year of his age, the Right Rev. John Butler, D. D. bishop of that diocese. His lordship was advanced to the see of Oxford in April, 1777, on the translation of Dr. Lowth to London, and was promoted to the bishoprick of Hereford in January, 1788, on the demise of Bishop Harley; and has since continued to reside there, practising those truly charitable and christian virtues which he so ably inculcated in his pious discourses. His lordship was twice married, but has left no issue. He was the 91st bishop of the diocese. He, by his own desire, is to be interred by Bishop Booth's monument. Dr. Folliot Cornewall, Bishop of Bristol, succeeds to the vacant see of Hereford.

On Saturday the 11th instant, at Elderstie-house, Glasgow, the seat of A. Speirs, Esq. Lady Dundas, relict of the late Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart. and mother of Lord Dundas.

On Tuesday the 14th, at Winwick, in Huntingdonshire, Mrs. Stratton, at the very advanced age of 107: she enjoyed the full possession of her faculties till upwards of 100 years.

Lately, at Edinburgh, Mr. Woods, comedian. He was originally bred a printer with Mr. Woodfall, so much celebrated for his publishing of Junius; but his love of the drama induced him to embark in that generally precarious life, which to him, however, has been a source of profit as well as pleasure. In sentimental comedy his merit was of the first rate. He was a capital tragedian, in many characters of which he never had his equal there, and, we believe, few any where else, particularly Iago, Glenalvon, Macduff, Valesques, Edmund, Beverly, Sciolto, Tamerlane, Dumont, Siffredi, Sempronius, Clytus, the Ghost in Hamlet, &c. &c.

On the 23d instant, at Harwich, John Robinson, Esq. in the 76th year of his age. He was born at Appleby, and at an early period of his life was elected, through the influence of Lord Lonsdale, then Sir James Lowther, member for his native county, Westmoreland, which he represented in two successive parliaments. In 1774, he was elected member for the borough of Harwich, for which he has been six times re-elected, and which he continued to represent till his death, when he was nearly the eldest member in the house of commons. His active talents, indefatigable industry, skill in business, knowledge of mankind, and easy address recommended him to Lord North as a proper person to fill the arduous and important office of secretary to the treasury, which he continued to hold till the termination of that noble lord's administration, when Mr. Robinson retired with a pension of 1000l. per annum. In 1788, he was appointed by the late minister, Mr. Pitt, to the lucrative office of surveyor general of his majesty's woods and forests, which he held till his death. When a young man, he married Miss Crowe, of Barbadoes, by whom he had one daughter, who was married to the Earl of Abergavenny, and died six years before her father, leaving six children, to whom and their noble father, Mr. Robinson has bequeathed the bulk of his property. He was a warm friend and zealous patron, liberal benefactor and kind master, and has left many to lament his death who were raised by his influence and supported by his bounty.